W. A. Knight,

Vol. VI. The Glory of God is Intelligence. No. 8.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

## Organ of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

PUBLISHED BY THE GENERAL BOARD.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDW. H. ANDERSON, } Editors. HEBER J. GRANT, THOS. HULL, } Business Managers.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as Second Class Matter.

JUNE, 1903.

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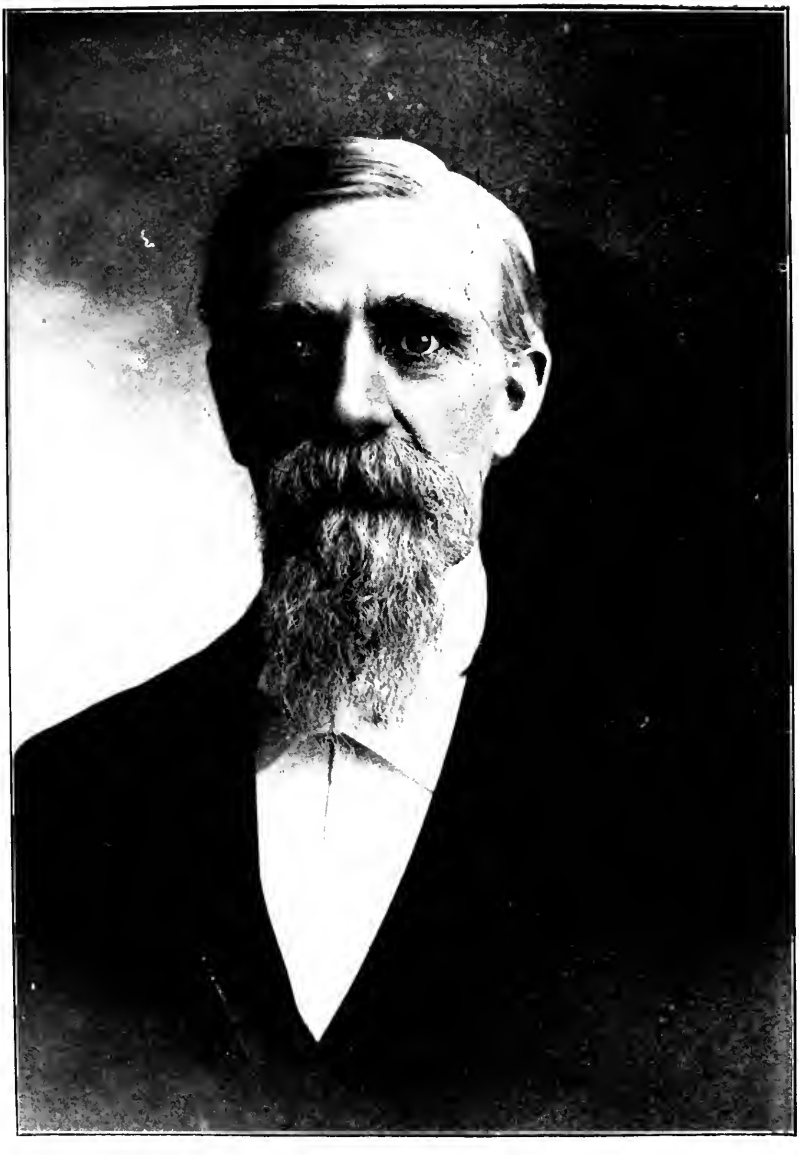

JOSEPH A. WEST

Assistant General Secretary Y. M. M. I. A., 1885-7.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. VI. JUNE, 1903. No. 8.

## BRIGHAM YOUNG.

### A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

One hundred and two years ago, this first day of June, in the little town of Whitingham, Windham county, Vermont, a male child was born in Israel who was among the very few of God's children born into this world whose names are destined to live in the pages of history; one of the few who was not born to die forgotten, nor to be rembered for the evil that he would do, but for the benefit he would be to humanity. "The evil that men do," said the great English poet, "lives after them; the good, is oft interred with their bones." Such, however, is not the case with Brigham Young. It is the good he did which lives after him, and is destined to be more and still more appreciated as the years and centuries go by. His life's work was of a character not to grow less in the estimation of men, but is destined to be more and still more appreciated as generation succeeds generation. In its effects Brigham Young's life-work will be as some magnificent fountain sending forth a stream of living water. That stream constantly widens and deepens its channel, until great areas of country are made fruitful by its generous floods, and a pathway is opened to the ocean on which

the commerce of nations may be carried in safety. So the fountain life-work of Brigham Young has sent forth a stream that will bless humanity; and not alone in time, but also in eternity. That this is true, let me a little show it.

Those who to-day do honor to his memory are more numerous than they were a decade ago. The number of those who shall revere his memory a hundred years hence will be many times larger than those who met to honor him at the first centennial anniversary of his birth. And thus through the centuries yet unborn will still increasing thousands, yea, millions, rise up to praise his name, revere his memory, and call him blessed. We could predict this for him if we held in view only the multiplication of those who shall be connected with him by the ties of consanguinity; for, indeed, he was honored of God to leave in the earth a numerous posterity. But those who will do honor to the memory of Brigham Young are not confined to those who are and shall be hereafter his descendants. Added to these must be remembered those who received the gospel at his hands as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. He filled six missions as a preacher of the new dispensation of the gospel; and it is safe to say that thousands received the gospel under his direct administration. Among the faithful of that number, Brigham Young will ever be remembered in honor; and from generation to generation, as these people and their posterity in time and eternity rejoice in the great blessings which the gospel brought to them, they will revere the memory of that apostle of the Lord, who first brought the message of salvation to their door.

It will be remembered, also, by all Israel that for more than thirty years he presided over the Church of Christ; during which time the Church was called to pass through times that tried men's souls—times burdened with portents of dangers from seemingly all-powerful foes. In those days of trial, Brigham Young was God's chosen servant to hold the keys of power and divine authority; and clothed with that power, how like a giant he rose among men, the master spirit; and, under God, controlled the fierceness of the storms, and conducted his people to a haven of peace and safety!

There is yet another class who will do honor to the memory of Brigham Young. They will not be found within the limits of

the Church of which he was a leader. There are those in the world who will be sufficently broad-minded to brush aside the rubbish of misrepresentation with which bigots have tried to smother the honor of his fame; men who will discredit the half truths which so often are whole falsehoods, with which the weak-minded and prejudiced have sought to tarnish his glory; and they will recognize in Brigham Young one of the master minds of the age in which he lived; a statesman who, from the elements furnished by such society as existed among an expatriated people, founded a commonwealth based upon justice and recognized principles of civil polity. They will see in him the pioneer leader who directed the labors of his people in such manner as to subdue the wilderness, make fruitful the desert, and finally give to civilization and to the sisterhood of American states, the fairest and greatest of the intermountain commonwealths. With this latter class, he will not be Brigham Young the apostle; nor Brigham Young, the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but the practical man of affairs; the natural leader of men; the philanthropist; the statesman; and when the roll of America's greatest names shall be called, Brigham Young's name will not be far down the list from the highest.

The story of Brigham Young's life has often been told; the achievements of his genius have been dwelt upon in eloquence which I cannot hope to match; his character analyzed by men who had the blessed advantage of life-long personal association with him. I only know him through the secondary means of what others have said of him; of what he himself in part has said; and the things which he accomplished in his life. My personal remembrance of him is most vague, merely the outline of a memory, and only such a memory as a boy treasures up of a great man, whom he saw only at a distance, and with whom he never shook hands, or spoke a word; but who enshrined in his heart the few glimpses he got of him from afar, as only the quick spirit of a boy treasures up a few bright memories of his childhood days. It is only, then, from secondary sources that I have formed such impressions as I possess of the life and character of Brigham Young.

The Latter-day Saints have learned, in estimating character, to attach much importance to the doctrine of pre-existence of

spirits, believing that the nature of the spirit manifests itself through the veil of flesh it takes on in this our mortal life. While not overlooking the fact that human character is influenced both by parentage and by environment in this life, I think we have gone beyond the notion that parentage and invironment create character; that parentage and environment are everything. Influence character they may, but create it, never. When the patriarch Abraham was blessed with a vision of the innumerable host of spirits that were appointed to pass through an earth-probation, he saw a few separated from the rest, bearing some evidence of a superiority, of a higher order of intelligence; and God stood in the midst of them, and said: "These I will make my rulers," and he said unto Abraham, "Thou art one of them, thou wast chosen before thou wast born." From this it would appear that spirits suitable for leadership, at least are chosen before they are born for the labors they perform in this earth-life. This idea is most emphatically, and I may say beautifully, taught in a passage of the Book of Mormon, which, I think, for the most part, has been overlooked by us. To the first Nephi it was given in a splendid vision to foresee the leading events in the career of the Messiah, some five hundred years before they actually occurred in Messiah's life on earth. In this vision, Nephi saw the gentle Jewish maiden with the infant Son of God in her arms, and heard the song of the shepherds upon the hills of Judea: "Glory to God in the highest: peace on earth to men of good will." He saw Messiah, when he had reached manhood's estate, approaching the strange prophet who had been appointed to be his messenger to prepare the way before him, and ask for baptism at his hands: he saw him gather about him the rude fishermen of Galilee, and make them his special witnesses and messengers to the world; he saw him teaching the multitudes by the sea shore and upon the mountain; he saw him hailed before judges and rulers in Judea; he saw sentence passed upon him, and he saw him whipped through the streets of Jerusalem to the place of skulls where he was crucified; he saw him also after his glorious trumph over death; he saw the establishment of his church under the ministry of the apostles. Here, there came a suspension of Nephi's vision; and while he was promised a further view of the things still then in the future, he was commanded to write no more of the vision; for

the Lord God had ordained that one of the apostles of the Lamb of God should write the remainder of these things. "And I, Nephi, heard and bear record, that the name of the apostle of the Lamb was John" (I Nephi xiv). From this passage, it is evident that not only is the work chosen for those whom God has decreed shall be his leaders, but the limits of that work are known, and within the sphere assigned to one, others are not allowed to intrude. If such a man as John, the apostle, had his work assigned to him and reserved for him, it cannot be doubted that such a character as Brigham Young had also his appointed work to do, and that all its limitations were known and respected.

We have many reasons for believing, too, that the circumstances into which men are thrust in this life; the experiences that will best prepare them for the work they are appointed to accomplish—all these things are ordained of God; and most notably is this doctrine instanced in the career of Brigham Young. If one could have seen him in his early manhood, say from twenty to thirty, the carpenter, painter and glazier of no very important centre of population in the state of New York, one could scarcely have recognized in him then, the man foreordained to do the mighty work which he afterwards accomplished. And yet, I cannot believe that his obscure parentage; his life, retired from the centres of population and a world's strife; his humble and toilsome manual calling—of which, be it said, and said to his honor, he never was ashamed—I cannot think that all this was without its influence upon his character, in the way of preparing him for his life's work. For one thing, this part of his career brought him into sympathy with the common people; with whom, hereafter, he must have so much to do—whom he loved, and whom God must love, else, to paraphrase the words of Lincoln,He would not have made so many of them. Henceforth, Brigham Young will know the common people. He will know their toils, their struggles, their limitations, their aspirations, the ideas by which they are impressed, the means by which they may be inspired to noblest achievements. This, together with a profound knowledge of the common, practical affairs of life, is the contribution of this first period of his career, to his character. But at this period of his history, God seems more visibly and especially to have taken Brigham Young's training in hand.

In 1832, he was brought in contact with the gospel, then being preached in the vicinity where he lived, by men of very limited education and humble character; for the message of God in the new dispensation then coming forth, as in former ages, stood not upon the excellence of the learning and eloquence and wisdom of men, but in the power of God, and the demonstration of his spirit. The quick mind of the future prophet found sweet spiritual music in the doctrines he heard; and soon afterwards formally accepted them by joining the church, and he himself became a missionary.

Under the spirit that came to him, through the gospel he had embraced, his life was turned into new channels. By the several missions he performed, he was brought out of the quiet of his rural environment, and minded in the world's busy throngs. He visited the chief centres of population in his own country and Canada; New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Toronto; the prominent cities of the middle states, and afterwards spent nearly two years in England. Coming in contact with the world in its busiest centres, and seeing men undoubtedly at their best, and at their worst, he obtained enlarged views of human life, and of humanity itself. His horizon was extended. His mind was broadened. Henceforth his judgment will be sounder, his compassion deeper, his quality of mercy unstrained, his sense of justice truer, his soul loftier, and in every way he was better fitted for the great things which still lay before him.

Nor was it in missionary experience alone that he was trained. In the practical government of men, and in camp life, he must be drilled. This training he received in the expedition of Zion's camp. The expulsion of the "Mormons" from Jackson county, in the early thirties of the last century, is too well remembered to require detailing here; as also the expedition organized by the Church in Ohio for their relief, and called Zion's camp. That camp marched under the leadership of Joseph Smith, the prophet, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to the western borders of Missouri, to the relief of their exiled brethren. In that journey, the elders of the Church to the number of upwards of two hundred, in their march of more than a thousand miles, passed through a varied experience. There were dissensions and rebellions within the camp; there were threatening portents and hostile demonstrations from without.

There were fatigues to endure, hardships to encounter, disappointments to sustain. For Zion was not redeemed at that time, and this expedition was organized for the purpose of redeeming Zion. Instead of triumphantly marching into Jackson county, re-instating the exiled Saints in their homes, and holding the land of Zion against the efforts of the Jackson county mob to expel them, cholera broke out in Zion's camp, when it reached the borders of the land where the enemies of the Saints dwelt, the camp was disbanded, and apparently nothing came of it, except some ineffectual negotiations with leaders of the mob, which only disclosed how impossible any settlement of the Jackson county difficulty was with the occupancy of that county by the Saints as a basis of that settlement. So the camp disbanded, and, for the most part, in small companies, or one by one, returned to Ohio. A man in Kirtland meeting Brigham Young after his return from this expedition, said to him: "Well, what did you gain on this useless journey to Missouri with Joseph Smith?" It is needless to say that the man was a member of the Church who did not have the faith necessary to make the journey. "What did you gain?"—"All we went for," promptly replied Brigham Young. "I would not exchange the *experience* I gained in that expedition for all the wealth of Geauga county"—the county in which Kirtland was located. The remark is an exhibit of the fact that Brigham Young had a keen insight into the purpose of the Zion's camp movement. Experience, training for still greater things. "Past question," says the author of Ben Hur, "every experience is serviceable to us." Later it proved that this Zion's camp experience was serviceable to Brigham Young, and, judging from the remark just quoted, he seems unconsciously aware of the fact that it would be so.

And yet another lesson is given him, ere he is made ready for that masterful exodus of an expatriated people which he shall conduct from the Mississippi valley to the Rocky mountains. Five years after the Zion's camp expedition, the Saints are expelled from Missouri. The prophet, and his brother Hyrum, and Sidney Rigdon, the prophet's counselors, are incarcerated in prison. The man who first held the honored position of President of the Quorum of the Twelve has denied the faith, become a traitor, departed from Israel, and stands identified with the enemies of his people.

These circumstances brought Brigham Young to the presidency of the quorum of the Twelve, and to the position of temporary leader in Israel. Not only is the prophet and some of his immediate associates imprisoned, but the Saints by perfidy are disarmed, and, under an exterminating order to leave the State, an order issued by the governor of Missouri; mobs are in possession of the lands and homes of the Saints, and exile and poverty confront them. It was under these circumstances that the master spirit of Brigham Young asserted itself; that his marvelous executive ability for the first time attracted attention. He appealed to those in possession of means to assist those who were without them; he gathered into a common fund the means possessed by the Saints, by intuition, apparently, knowing the economy there is in concentration of means. He sent out agents to establish provision stations, along the several lines of exodus to be followed; and stocked them with corn and flour for the people, and provender for teams. The same agents made contracts for ferriage, over such rivers as could not be forded, and every provision was made for the comfort and security of the exiled Saints. The exodus thus provided for, he was compelled to leave the execution of it to a most worthy lieutenant; one destined to be as his right hand in many a trying experience—Heber C. Kimball. For when the mob-forces of Missouri, after imprisoning the Prophet Joseph, saw this second leader managing with such consummate skill the affairs of the Church, it began to half dawn upon their minds that "Mormonism" might possibly survive the supposedly fatal blow they had dealt it in the imprisonment of the prophet; and the commanded expulsion or extermination of the Saints. They, therefore, attacked this new leader with all the hatred they had assailed the first; and to preserve his life, he yielded the execution of his plans to another, and sought safety by flight from Missouri. But his lesson was learned; his experience gained, his wisdom is hived for future service.

Yet other experiences must be secured—the training is not yet completed. Commerce, the sickly, malaria-stricken lowland on the banks of the Mississippi, has been transformed into Nauvoo—the beautiful. The Twelve have fulfilled their mission to England, and have returned to Nauvoo. The great prophet of the

dispensation of the fullness of times is rapidly ascending to the *finis* of his earth-career. The burdens of the Church weigh heavily upon him. The Saints, both from the surrounding States and from Europe, are flocking into Nauvoo and vicinity. The great doctrines of the kingdom are yet to be unfolded; the Saints must be settled; new stakes of Zion must be organized; the temple must be built, the Nauvoo House completed. It was at this point that President Joseph Smith called upon the Twelve to take their place beside the Presidency of the Church, and assist in these material duties and responsibilities that pressed so heavily upon him; and he made it clear to all Israel that the place of the Twelve was next to the First Presidency, and that when the First Presidency was absent for any cause, the responsibility of presiding over the Church rested upon the Twelve. This was magnificent training, a splendid educational provision for the future prophet-president of the Church; and he learned his lessons well in the activities of those days.

There is one other thought that should be expressed in relation to the preparation of the servants of God for the great climaxes in their careers. The training that comes from *self-suppression.* In the theory of the gospel, God is the motive force of all achievements, man but his instrument. In the Church, recognition of the authority of God is of chief importance, submission to it, as submission to God, is a primary virtue. This is a lesson all must learn. This is a lesson Brigham Young learned. In connection with the administrative duties which devolved upon the Twelve, it was proposed to hold them to a rather strict accounting of the things committed to their jurisdiction. Whereupon Brigham Young demurred, saying it was written in scripture that the ox that treadeth out the corn shall not be muzzled. To which the Prophet Joseph Smith immediately replied, rising beside Brigham Young in the stand,—"I will answer Brother Brigham," said he. "I tell him we *will* muzzle the ox; and we will make him tread out the corn. Then we will unmuzzle him and feed him." Will Brigham Young submit to this assertion of mastery over him? Most assuredly. It is the authority of God that speaks through Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young, as well as all true servants of God, will submit to God, and to his authority. Only

he who knows how to submit to law, should administer the law. Only he who has learned to serve, is prepared to rule. Only he who has been taught to respect authority, can rightly exercise dominion. Brigham Young is noble here. Immeasurably strong and clear-visioned as he was, and naturally a leader of men, Brigham Young submitted his judgment to that of the Prophet Joseph Smith; not always because convinced that the course proposed by the prophet was wisest or best, but because he recognized the authority of God in the prophet; and saw at the same time his duty to submit to that authority. Not only did this principle guide him in the lifetime of Joseph, but also after the prophet's demise. One of the things for which I love Brigham Young most is his fidelity to his chief, both when living and when dead. "From the first day I knew Brother Joseph," he repeatedly said, "to the day of his death, a better man never lived upon the face of the earth. * * * Joseph Smith was not killed because he was deserving of it, nor because he was a wicked man; but because he was a virtuous man. * * * I know that to be so, as well as I know that the sun shines. * * He was pure, just and holy as to the keeping of the law."

Moreover, Brigham Young never sought to eclipse his great leader, living or dead. He ever accorded to the prophet the PRESIDENCY of the dispensation of the fullness of times, himself the place of an apostle in that dispensation. "Whoever heard Brother Brigham claim more?" he often said. And as the Lord lives, I believe that to be the relation of these men to each other when immortality comes; when the general assembly and Church of the First Born in heaven, and the Church of Christ on earth shall become united—one, Joseph Smith the Prophet, shall stand as president of the dispensation he introduced, Brigham Young the chief apostle—and president of the apostles of that dispensation.

But now the training is completed. The limits are reached that must be reserved for Brigham Young. The Prophet Joseph Smith finishes his work, and seals his testimony with his blood. Loud clamors rise among those who would be leaders. Israel stands for a moment as a flock without its shepherd. Brigham Young returns from the East where he has been temporarily absent on a mission. The Saints are assembled, his—"Hear, O,

Israel," rings out over the assembly, and in his voice, his form, and movement, the assembled host recognized the voice, the person, and the action of the late departed martyr leader; and they know that the mantle of Joseph has fallen upon the shoulders of President Brigham Young.

After the preparation, if thorough, as it was in the case of Brigham Young, the rest is easy. Well and truly begun is always more than half done. The exodus of the Church from Nauvoo committed into the hands of the right man, is already an assured success. The journey across the plains will not end in disaster. The selection of a suitable abiding place for the Church is bound to follow. The adoption of right regulations for the government of God's people, we cannot doubt. All is foreordained of God; all that has happened was known from the beginning; the "rulers" were chosen before they were born; their metes and bounds were fixed; the labors of each leader in Israel were known, and his sphere of activity preserved to him. No wonder, then, that the exodus of an expatriated people through a thousand miles of wilderness and desert was successful. No wonder that in their battles with the sterile elements they conquered, and founded a great commonwealth. No wonder that, as each crisis arose in the history of the Saints, a man of clear vision, of sound judgment, of almost prescient instincts arose to meet every issue; for he was chosen before he was born; and his training, under the very discipline of God, was such as to prepare him for the work assigned him in the unfolding of God's great purposes.

It is not necessary for me on this occasion to traverse the well-beaten track of history, and relate the well-known story of the settlement of Utah's valleys; the wisdom displayed in the choice of the sites of our chief settlements; the profound statesmanship exhibited in holding his people to the cultivation of the soil and the founding of homes based upon the possession of the land. All that, time has vindicated the wisdom of, and taken from the sphere of discussion. One thing, however, I think should be mentioned, and that by way of correcting an erroneous impression. It was not the purpose of Brigham Young in bringing his people to this intermountain region to permanently isolate them from the world, or establish a separate and independent govern-

ment within the territory of the United States. The organization of the provisional government of the state of Deseret, and application for admission into the Union, as early as 1849, is the complete refutation of the charge that it was the intention of the people to sever their connection with the United States; the charge of designing complete isolation from the world is refuted by the petition of the Utah-"Mormon" legislature, in 1852, asking for the construction of a transcontinental railway and telegraph line, in which it was pointed out that by the construction of such railway and telegraph line, the commerce of the Pacific coast would be developed, and the wealth of the orient be poured into the lap of the nation—a prophetic glance into the future, the realization and truth of which is now being demonstrated after the lapse of over half a century.

I have reserved the consideration of the most important question to the last. Was Brigham Young a great man? "Yes;" you answer without hesitation, "How foolish to ask the question!" Judged in the light of what he achieved, of course he was great. Nothing short of greatness could have met the issues which confronted him, and successfully disposed of them. True, perhaps; but let us get right views of the matter. Remember, I pray you, that God is a factor to be accounted for in this work of the last days. How much shall we accredit to God's inspiration? How much to the inherent qualities of Brigham Young, in placing an estimate on his life work, and his character? Go back a few centuries in thought, and see two armies confronting each other in mortal combat. It is the day when personal courage, skill, and prowess often decide the issue of battle, the fate of empires and the course of history. The battle has raged a long time, the forces are well matched, the soldiers equally brave, the issue of the conflict trembles in the balance—when lo! from an unexpected quarter there rushes a mighty leader into the conflict. He cheers with voice and action the side he has championed. With consummate skill he rushes upon the serried ranks of the enemy; by cut and thrust of his good blade, he forces his way into the enemy's lines where others rush in and spread confusion—death—dismay—panic—and the victory is won. How much shall we accredit to this magnificent leader? How much to the instrument he used

when dealing death and dismay to the enemy—the good blade of Damascus steel, that neither bent, when thrust through coats of mail, nor broke when cleaving through helmets of steel; but was ever true to the hand that wielded it. Is the illustration unworthy the theme? "Yes," you say; and I feel that, too; but does it convey my thought? Does it help you understand what I would say? If so, never mind its falling below somewhat the dignity of the subject. In this work of the last days, men are but instruments; God is the grand architect and builder of the structure human hands seemingly uprear. And yet God is a master-builder, a wise architect; he uses means suitable to the purpose he would accomplish. When he draws a sword to execute his divine purpose, you may be assured it will not prove false to his hand in the conflict. It will neither bend in the thrust, nor break when it falls upon the crests of the enemy. So when God chooses a man for his prophet, to whom he entrusts for the time the issues of his kingdom on earth, be assured God knows his instrument. He will not fail. And he will possess not only the qualities, but the combination of qualities that will make him servicable to the Master's use. The instrument will be adequate to the Master's purpose; the prophet will possess the qualities of mind and heart that fit him for God's work. And if the work to be done is a great work; if the achievement is mighty; if the issues concern the souls of men; the salvation of a people, or the perpetuity of God's Church in the earth—then rest assured the man equal to such an occasion—great in mind, pure of spirit, lofty of purpose, possessed of every mental, moral and spiritual endowment—will be chosen for that work. Brigham Young was chosen of God for the work he accomplished. It was a noble work. It was a great work. It was an epoch-making work. It affected large numbers of God's children. It concerned the welfare of God's purposes in the earth. And the fact that Brigham Young was chosen of God to do that work, is the best assurance of his greatness. Brigham Young was great. A master spirit. And though he might have passed through life unknown to fame but for the call of God to his life's work, yet the elements of greatness, the infinite possibilities of his nature, would still have been with him. He was great of mind and soul, even as men count greatness. But to all

that, he added still another quality of greatness. The quality that linked him to God; that added in a large measure the strength and wisdom of God to his own strength and wisdom. To possess such a quality as this is to be great indeed. And if the proud of spirit shall say that such a quality leads but to a borrowed greatness—a shining not by reason of an innate luminous spirit, but by a borrowed light—the answer is that the man who so walks in the light and wisdom and power of God, will at the last, by the very force of association, make the light and wisdom and power of God his own—weaving those bright rays into a chain divine, linking himself forever to God and God to him. This the sum of Messiah's mystic words, "Thou, Father, in me, and I in thee"—beyond this human greatness cannot achieve.

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## HEAVEN.

Clouds ne'er make dark that summer land,
Heart ne'er is severed there from heart;
We see we failed to understand—
Revealed by vision was a part.
The why's and wherefore's now are plain,
The way so dark made clearest light;
So best and noblest they attain,

Who journeyed through the deepest night.
O, troubled hearts, press eager on
To gain the steepest, farthest height;
Who scales it, must the armor don,
Or sink below the goal in sight.
Fair worlds there are, where trials end,
All that was yearned for there is given;
The fast-closed portals angels tend,
But enter in, and lo! 'tis heaven.

—*Lydia D. Alder.*

# THE ARTIST.

BY W. J. SLOAN.

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In May, 189—, Edward W——, a young man of twenty-three, graduated from the high school of his native city. The following September, he went to one of the great colleges to finish his education. Here he spent the next three and a-half years. No visit was paid to the old home, vacations being passed with an uncle in the Green Mountain State. Having finished the course at the ——— University, he returned home, where he was received with open arms of welcome.

At the close of the first day at home, the son found the father on the broad veranda, reading.

"Well, father, what's the book?"

"The book of books, my boy."

"By which I suppose you refer to the Bible?"

"Not much trouble to guess that, my son."

"Father, you have been very kind to me, and have given me the best that it was possible for me to obtain in the way of an education."

"I have tried to."

"And you have done it. You are older than I; have learned much from experience. I dislike to shake your tradition or faith, yet candor compels me to say, you are wasting your time reading the book you hold in your hand, unless you read to pass time."

"I read for the good this book does me, and the faith it teaches me in the Great God."

"Father, I am surprised, but then, you are not to blame, living as you do, away from the centers of education and modern knowl-

edge! If you were familiar with the trend of science and knowledge, you would no longer waste time reading that book."

"Why?"

"Because you would know that what it tells is but a myth; a fable which learned men no longer accept as anything else. Of course, there is good reading in it, but it is only the imagination of poetic minds, and should be read the same as the works of any poet; certainly its teachings ought not to be accepted as truth."

"You used to read it, Edward."

"Of course, I did, and believed its stories, just as thousands of others read and believe it today. But that was before I knew better."

"And do you never read it now?"

"Not since the first month at school. Why, nobody reads it there; or, at least, if they do, they don't let any one know it. Why should they? Learned men have proved that it is what I say, a myth, a fable. That the God idea is but a creation of hope which some men have, without reason or fact to support it."

"But millions still hold to the idea."

"Only because they know no better, father; only because they do not know of the discoveries made by modern science, and of the reasoning of great men."

"This book says, 'The fool in his heart has said, there is no God.'"

"If the writer of that had left off the first part of his sentence, wise men could agree with the latter."

"By which you mean, there is no God?"

"Spencer, Huxley, Darwin—master minds of modern thought—while disagreeing on minor points, agree that the creation and God, as taught by the book you have in your hand, are but myths."

"Is that one of the things you have learned at school?"

"Yes, father, and while I know that it will be hard for you to change the faith and ideas of a life, yet I shall prove to you that your life-long beliefs are wrong, on this point, at least. But the story is a long one, and, as it is getting late, we will not commence it tonight. We will have plenty of time; and as I am a little tired, I will go to my old room, and to bed. Good night, father."

"Yes, there will be plenty of time. Good night, my boy."

As the son went into the house, the father slowly remarked to himself: "Sometimes those who undertake to prove, prove too much, and thereby prove nothing. I have paid for a part of your learning, my boy, that you will have to unlearn, either here, or hereafter."

Family payers were held that night, as usual, but the father did not ask the son to be present.

On the afternoon of the next day, father and son took a stroll through the city; the latter wished to renew old acquaintances, and to note the changes that had taken place in the past three and a-half years. Towards the close of the day, they turned their steps to the western part of the city, where recently had been erected an institution of learning, the gift of a noted philanthropist to the city. As they neared the building, Edward exclaimed: "What a magnificent building! The city has every reason to be proud of it. You did not tell me of the beauties of this building in your letters; you only said that a home for the advancement of the mind had been erected; but what a beauty it is! I know little of its history and completion, and so you must tell me, father. But first, as I stand on the outside and view its huge, yet perfect dimensions, I must ask, who was the architect? His was a master hand."

"I will tell you later," said the father.

Together, father and son entered the building; at the head of the stairs, leading to the second floor, they stood before a creation in marble, white as snow; after a moment of silence, Edward remarked: "A master sculptor chiseled that marble into the form we now see; you, father, living here in touch with all that goes on, must know something of its history. Who is the author of this beautiful creation?"

"Yes, I know; I will tell you later."

Passing through the hall, father and son entered a lecture room, on the east wall of which hung a large picture, the gift of one of the wealthy men of the city. A hasty glance about the room, and then the eyes of the younger man rested on the picture. Looking at the older man, he said: "You have seen it before, I have not, yet I know it to be the work of one of the old masters. A grand, a great picture! I do not know the painter, and at this

distance cannot read the name in the lower corner. Great pictures are best viewed at a distance. I shall not go nearer to read the name, though I know it is a great one, but you shall tell me."

"Yes, my boy, I will tell you, later."

"Later! that is what you have said to my last three questions. Why not now?"

"There is no hurry. I will answer your questions before we leave the building. Come!"

Together they walked across the hall to a west room, the father raised the blind, threw open a window, turned to his son, and said: "My son, come here. Open your eyes, open them wide; look straight ahead, look to the right and to the left, miss nothing that your eyes can reach; do this for me, for I think it is a great picture. Let me describe it, you follow with your eyes. First: far in the distance, the mountains, (in the west they call them hills, for I am told that there their mountains are covered with eternal snow, while here we see the white mantle only for a few weeks in the year.) You see that the hills are covered with pine; note well the stately growth; the oak, not one or two, but many, and of different kinds, as you know from your boyhood tramps through those same hills. Beneath those trees are ferns and flowers, also of many kinds; we cannot see them at this distance, but you know that they are there, for you have seen them in bygone days."

"I see them all in memory, father."

"They are there now, as they were then. Nature goes on and changes, yet never changes. I need not remind you of the stream which flows through those hills, and past the farm on which you were born and spent your childhood. Rather, let me ask you to turn your eyes to the right, where you can see field after field of wheat, whose golden heads bow to the gentle breeze which we feel as it fans our faces. Close by is the old home of Squire ———, who still lives, and who will greet you with the same welcome as he did in your childhood days. You have not forgotten the double row of magnolias that lead from the gate to the house; you can see them now, with their great load of cream-white blossoms, and, if your nose is as keen as mine, you can smell their perfume, too."

"My sense of smell is not dead, father, the perfume comes to me as a sweet memory of bygone days."

"Turn your eyes to the left, my boy, for there are other things to see, and night will soon come and shut out the picture until the dawn. Here are fields of corn and cotton; they grow better on the south side of the valley than on the north, and man has learned to profit by the lesson nature has taught him. Look at the corn, not that in the far distance, though it is the same, but that which is close by, which we may see best; note the tall, green stalks, with wide blades, and tassels of yellow and gold, which gleam, one, two, or three from a stalk. You see them? Good! Now look at the cotton field, the one close to us. You have seen a cotton field before? I know it, but look at this one closely, note the colors—white, cream, pink, red, green—many colors in a field. The flowers which bloom this morning are cream-colored; tomorrow, they will be pink; the next day, red; then they die. The bowl forms in from ten days to two weeks, it breaks, and a ball of white takes its place, the stalk remaining green until the frost turns it brown. Now look close to the building, to the grounds near the side on which we stand. Here are trees and shrubs of many kinds, some of them green all the year, some of them turn their colors as the seasons change. Flowers of every color of the rainbow, and a hundred others, yet each breathe forth, to those who will receive, beauty or perfume. From the foundation of this building to the distant hills, to the right and left, as far as the eye can reach—as far as it can reach, no matter where you stand, is a picture. You have asked me three questions, I will answer them, and then I will ask you one; three for one, is that fair?"

"I think so, father."

"As we stood outside the building, you asked me the name of the architect who planned it. His name is —. —. ———, of New York, a *man* who, I understand, is at the head of his craft in this country. To your second question, as we stood before the marble figure, on the floor below, it is the work of a master sculptor, Sig. ———, a *man* of Italy. The picture, which you saw across the hall, is the work of Raphael, a *man* who, I am told, was one of the world's great painters. I have answered your questions, Edward, I have told you the name of the architect, the sculptor, the painter; and now I want you to answer my question. Take your time, there is no hurry, look from the window again, look in

a month, look in six months, the color and the present effect of the picture may be changed, but it will still be worth looking at; yet no matter what may be its condition, it will ask you, in silence, what I ask you now:

"Who, in the past, placed those hills where they stand; who planted the pine, the oak, the sycamore, the birch, the cedar, the holly, through which you roamed when a boy, and which still stand on those hills? Who caused that clear, crystal stream to flow through those hills, where there is no place for man to build his home, to a place where he could live and enjoy its cooling draughts? My question may have many parts, yet it is all one. Why is it that the grains of wheat, thrown to the ground, grow and come to the golden heads which we now see? Why is it that the magnolia trees in Squire ———'s place have a great white bloom with a sweet smell, while the pine trees in the hills, yonder, have only a hard cone; the oak, an acorn; the holly, only a berry? Why does the corn in yonder field have a long ear with a tassel of gold, while the cotton has a flower which changes color each day of its life, its place, after death, turning to a ball of snowy white? Why do some of the shrubs in these grounds keep green the year round, while others drop their leaves and stand for months as dead, only to come to life again? Why do not all the flowers, which we see before us, have one color, one shape, one perfume, instead of many?

"Look at the hills again, my boy, the sun is sinking behind them, and, if you will look from the window at my left, you will see another light rising; a lamp dimmed, a lamp lighted. Who causes the one to sink, the other to rise, to rise and sink again in an endless course? I am through, my son, though I have shown you but a small part of the picture, which covers the earth; it may change according to the part you may be in, yet is always worth your study: Who is the artist? You may tell me that it is all according to the laws of nature. Should that be your answer, I ask you: Who is the author and ruler of the laws of nature? But, perhaps, 'the story is a long one, and as it is getting late, we will not commence it tonight.'"

And the father turned from the window. There was a moment of silence, in which the son looked from the window; then,

turning to his father, he said: "No, father, the story is not a long one; you have shown me a picture; there is an artist. You are right; I was wrong. The book you read, last night, is right; the men I have looked to are wrong. *There is a God!*"

Arm in arm, father and son left the building.

That night the son knelt at family prayers.

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## CHARACTER ENDURES.

"The only riches worth while are in the character. Use your abundant possessions to help build the kingdom of God, as the workman uses his tools to construct a wall or to build a bridge. So shall your dollars be transformed into character, and your intellectual achievements minister to ethical attainments.

"Learn to face prosperity by continually acknowledging that what you seem to possess you do not really possess at all. You are only a trustee of a portion of the estate which belongs to God. I possess so many golden dollars. How beautiful they are, how substantial, how enduring. See me clutch them. They are mine. I will hold them. Nothing shall rob me of them. Nothing? Wait. Shortly this hand of mine which clutches so firmly shall be palsied in death, and later crumble to dust. The grasp upon the gold shall be loosened. Mine? It was never mine. Out of God's earth it came. In God's earth no human power can prevent its ultimately returning. 'Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I depart thither.' How absurd, then, to talk of my posessing wealth.

"But there is one possession which we shall keep, and which shall endure as long as we endure. Character shall endure, because my character is myself. If one has learned love, that shall abide. Purity of heart, honesty of purpose, kindness of life shall endure, for these belong to the immortal soul of man. Said Jesus, 'The man who in the spirit of love ministers to the sick, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, visits the prisoners, he and he alone shall hear the voice of Him who sitteth upon the throne, saying, Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'"—*Frank Oliver Hall.*

# A WEEK IN A BOX CANYON.

## THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" PRIZE STORY.

BY MALCOLM LITTLE, STUDENT AT THE LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

### III.

I ate my breakfast and, when the breeze was up, got into the trough and paddled out. Rounding a turn, I found myself on a narrow sheet of water, bordered by a sandy beach a rod wide, back of which were the cliffs. I was cheered by a diffused radiance which made objects less obscure; and the air currents were stronger than in the open lake. A half hour I plied my hands vigorously, when I saw a flare of light ahead, coming through a horizontal slit on the left. The trough ran aground, and I was soon clambering to the aperture. Cautiously, I looked out, but saw no sign of sentinels near the cave I crept into. I congratulated myself that I had been the first discoverer of the place, and that the secret was mine alone.

I could not go to my old quarters until nightfall, and coiled down in a warm, cosy nook among the rocks, and slept for the hours I had walked during the night.

When I awoke, the wind had changed, and I thought of the trough and my scheme for deluding the robbers. On a piece of newspaper from my wallet, in a scrawly hand, as if written in semi-darkness, I penciled the following:

"It's all up with me. I'm trapped, but not out-done. If you still want me, come to the bottom of the lake; it'll be cool and quiet there. I hope your drinking-water will always be sweet."

"Rather festive for a dying man," I thought; but, unsigned, I pinned the paper to the log, and shoved it off. As far as I could, with a long stick, I pushed the trough down the bay, saw it drift slowly out of sight over the shadowy lake. I smiled, and wondered how the ruse would affect Burley and his men. The tables were turned in my favor.

That night, I slept on my bed of boughs, and what a joyous night it was! During the day, by lying in the hot sun, I had dried my clothes and got summer-warmed all through.

Next morning, before there was smoke from the chimney, I had my eyes on the cabin, expecting developments closely touching my future. Presently, a man came out, stretched languidly to get a little of the freshness into himself, and set about cutting wood for a fire. Another, with a pail, started to the cave, but in a moment reappeared, not with water, but with manifest excitement. He called to his companion, then roused Burley, and all three hurried back through the entrance. They were busily engaged a half hour or more and ran about gathering up sticks. I suspected the trough was not quite ashore, and they were wave-beating to bring it in. Finally they came out, Burley holding my note in his hand. In the light, they formed a knot, and eagerly read it. One fellow laughed loudly, and threw high his hat; the other, too, showed his appreciation of the joke; but Burley seemed to regard the matter more seriously, and with no outward signs of jubilance walked into the cabin.

After breakfast, the men saddled their horses and together rode down the canyon, leaving no one to guard the cave, clear evidence they thought me out of harm's way; but, since the pack-animals were not taken, I inferred they would return in the evening.

I now became more daring, resolved to ferret about with high glee during the day, and uncover as much of the inner workings of the gang as the contents of the cabin could be made to reveal. If I were surprised in my rummagings, again I could take to the lake and securely paddle to my private exit; if not, I would lay in abundant stores, and, when a favorable opportunity came, mount one of the horses, and make good my escape.

An hour after Burley and his men had left, I crossed to the

house. The door was unlocked, and immediately I took possession. There was my note tacked to the wall, with the added inscription: "God rest his soul." The grim humor of the sentence did not much dispose me to smile, realizing what might have been. The most valuable thing I found, however, was a map of the Den and surrounding country, with trails and watering places marked, and distances given. This would be of inestimable worth to me in finding my way out of the wilderness, and, on a piece of brown paper, I made an accurate draft from the original. Next, I unearthed Burley's pay-roll, and with it the place, nature of the work, and salary of each of his employees. To my astonishment, there were the names of several men, about Penunk, regarded as respectable citizens, among them the sheriff himself, whose duty it seemed to be to herd their neighbor's cattle towards the beaten trails of the Den of thieves, whence they could be driven into the rough west country out of the reach of the owners. The marketable stock were put in the Box Canyon, their brands defaced, and, in the spring or fall, driven over the mountains and sold. By this nefarious traffic, vast sums had accrued. Having taken what supplies I thought necessary, about noon I withdrew to my own cave in the opposite cliff.

At sunset, Burley returned alone. He appeared nervous, and, instead of going to the lake for water, took the bucket down to a spring in the meadow. The seepings from a dead man's body would have been unsavory to the utmost, and quite unfit for kitchen use; and a dead man's spirit, too, I thought, smiling, was gently tapping on the sounding-board of his imagination. When I watched him through the window, I had noted the twitching of his muscles through fear of nightly sounds; then what superstitious horrors would the unearthly creepings of the dead bring up? I had heard of physical courage in men for whom the day had no terrors, but for whom the night was peopled by myriad eerie shapes to blanch the cheek and make the hand tremulous. Alone with the silent, echoing cliffs, the gentle washings of the lake, the ever-present knowledge that beneath its waters lay a face, white in the still shadows, a cold form, soulless but unshrouded, with the coming dusk might creep into his fancy imaginings far more dreadful than hissing lead or pursuing enemies. Interested, I

watched him finish his work in the stable, and shut himself within the cabin.

Under the starlight, I slipped from my cave. Fear and superstition were my helpers; and, during the night, I determined to try the mettle of the man I dared not show my face to in the day. I tip-toed to the window. Burley sat by the table, his eyes and ears alert, his brows slightly raised, the wings of his nose opening fitfully; the same signs of agitation I had before noticed. There was something of wildness in his appearance. On the table lay his pistol, the handle of which his fingers tapped nervously. He seemed at the mercy of impression, over his expressive face passing momentarily apprehension and relief, as his imagination was active or quiescent.

A book lay before him. Now he bowed over it, seeming to read, but his eyes only stared at the print; his mind was in his ears. There came spells of pensiveness, when sight and hearing lost their quick perception; then I wondered what his thoughts were on. On the lake, and the supposed dead wrapped in its dephts? on crimes more closely connected with his will, which my demise had stirred to memory? on the lonely, uncertain years yet to come? Aroused from these moods of inward-looking, he would pass his hand over his brows, as if to shut out a light that was painful, and ease the burden on the brain.

I had determined to take a horse that night, and, before morning, ride to the southern end of the valley, where, according to the map, there was an outlet; then, with so much the start, by following the south trail, safely reach Penunk, in spite of pursuit. But the horses were fastened not three rods from the house, and to get one out, I would have to lead it by the door. This I could not do without Burley's hearing. Would any disturbance bring him into darkness? The question was pertinent, vital; should I attempt to flee, and find him at my heels, his pistol pumping balls into the night?

I gathered a handful of stones, and walked to the mouth of the cave. One after another, I threw them far into the lake. The reverberations echoed and reechoed, through the entrance. Again I stepped to the window, but shrank back with intuitive dread. Burley's countenance wore the pallor of death; his cheeks were

sunken, his lower jaw had dropped, giving to his face an elongated cast, like one who has lain for days in the wrappings of the tomb; his eyes were cavernous with dark circles surrounding. Rigid, he sat staring at nothing, as if in the grasp of catalepsy. The ghastly figure sent a chill through me, until I saw the attack was temporary; then I was gratified, knowing the ranch was in my charge till morning.

Next I untied the gray and urged him, dragging the hackamore-rope, past the cabin into the meadow. Slowly he fed off, while I remained at the window. The familiar sounds of horse's tramping seemed to restore the thief to his senses; but he made no stir from his chair. Now was my way clear; mount bare-back, and with my canteen and canvas-bag be off!

I recaught the saddle pony, and was riding joyously out of the little cove, when I nearly ran square into an advancing party of horsemen. I had only time to slip to the ground, and take to the brush before they were upon me. They passed in the dark, and seeing the horse loose, took him along with them to the cabin.

An hour I sat looking up at the gray cliffs and beyond at the stars; and though disheartened, I had to smile at the curious turn affairs had taken, of the trap unwittingly I had got myself into. By keeping to my concealment, I could live for months where I was, but I was quite tired of the novel Den and its more novel occupants. Five days had passed since I lost my way, and followed Burley across the gulches to his hiding place, and now that same trail offered a way out, since from the map I knew of secret springs. But I could not make the ascent in the dark.

I bestirred myself with the thought of more eavesdropping, and cautiously crept back to the house, keeping well behind trees and shrubbery, lest my movements be detected. Within, the cowboys were loudly talking, and I ventured to the window. There were four, including Burley, all playing cards, and, in the meanwhile, telling over the experiences of the past few days, and laying plans for the immediate future. From the conversation, I gleaned that a squad of Burley's dependants had just made a big haul in the Sand Hills, and were then holding the stolen cattle, waiting further orders from the Den. The stranger present had come for these

orders, and, meeting up with the other two, all had returned. They discussed the situation at some length, with comments on the quality and approximate value of the purloined stock, finally deciding that on the morrow all should go to assist in driving the herd to some ranch to the west, where the best would be blotch-branded and put in the Box Canyon. Burley would return to his headquarters the second night after his leaving. When the men prepared for bed, I too, crossed to my own pallet.

Early next morning, the rangers were in their saddles. The cliffs gave back the rattle of their spur-chains, the slapping of their quirts, and their ringing voices, as they rode down the canyon and out of sight. Three horses, however, remained in the little pasture, among them Burley's black.

Two hours later, I put a blanket on the black horse, fastening it well with a surcingle, mounted, and followed the men, staying close under the west bluffs. The animal knew the trail, and turned into the side ravine where it led, and climbed the steep mountain on to the plateau above. Here the tracks of the horsemen veered to the right, filing along a deep-beaten trail, while I guided to the left, setting a round pace towards the southeast. It was now ten o'clock, and seventy rugged miles lay between me and Penunk, which I must cover by nightfall. Inspired by something of the detective spirit, and much depending on the steady, rapid gait of the willing horse, I gave him the reins, and he started into an easy gallop. At the foot of hills, he would break to a walk, patiently climb to the summit, down the other side in a racking trot, and, if beyond lay a level stretch, again take the faster pace. One after another, high ridges loomed in the distance, then were under my feet, and, finally, fell away to the rear. Swales bacame gulches, with steeper hill-sides bordering, then grew to canyons, hedged on either hand by beetling cliffs. From these I emerged on to plateaus, less elevated than the ones left behind, with still other gaps and dingy summits ahead. As farther I descended, hotter grew the sun, and the red rock gave back its glow with furnace heat. A tremor lay over the withering sage, and the pale, green cedars stood specter-like in the universal haze. With pained eyes I looked into the glare, and my hands, exposed, took on a sunburned hue. But with unabated energy the horse

continued on the trail, the perspiration came out, and the dust rose, throwing over him a grimy coat of red.

By three in the afternoon, we reached a spring, and rested. I watered the horse, and, in the shade of the trees, he got a few bites of grass. I think we were equally tired, for bare-back riding affords few comforts. In an hour we were again onward, and at nine galloped slowly into Penunk.

I went direct to the home of the principal cattleman of the country, briefly related the incidents of the past week, and proffered the suggestion that, if a posse of reliable citizens could reach the Den by five the following evening, Burley could be taken. My knowledge of the sheriff's complicity saved us from the fatal blunder of attempting to secure his assistance.

Before daylight next morning, six of us spurred northward out of the sleeping settlement, aiming to take the more direct, but less frequented, trail by which I had first entered the Box Canyon.

We yet had three hours of sun, when, secluding our fagged animals among the cedars on the plateau east of the Den, I began piloting the way down the winding trail. A horseman had just preceded us, his tracks still fresh in the sand; and the discovery made our descent more cautious. Once within the valley, we kept in concealment until after nightfall; then stealthily worked our way up the little cove, staying close under the cliffs. A light shone from the cabin, and I, going ahead to reconnoiter, found Burley alone. We had too much respect for his courage peremptorily to demand his surrender, knowing he could sustain a long siege and, with the least chance, do effective work with his gun. But we could approach him through his superstitious fears. This in mind, we divided up our forces; two to enter the cave and there wake the echoes, two to guard the door, and one detailed to each window. I was of the last.

Noiselessly, we took our places. Burley was walking the floor, but stood at the first rumble from the cave, the muscles of his face showing signs of incipient agitation. Again came the echoes, low and plaintive as if from a distant voice. His hand went to his holster, and through his frame ran a perceptible tremor, which remained quivering in his hollow cheeks. I saw the ghastly

pallor come into his face, the glazed stare into his eyes, and knew that again he was in a spell of catalepsy. Gently my companion tapped on the opposite pane, and moved close to the glass. The robber went rigid, as he gazed at the specter face framed in the darkness; the balls of his eyes stood from their sockets as though fast held by those peering up at him; he leaned forward, and fell his length on the floor.

When again the sun shone into the Box Canyon, he was dead; and, in the evening, assisted by three of his companions, then under arrest, we performed the last rites of burial, leaving him forever sheltered beneath the entrance of the cave.

THE END.

## OUR OWN.

"If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day,
The words unkind would trouble my mind
I said, when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain.
But we vex our own with look and tone,
We might never take back again.

"For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth at morning,
Who never come home at night,
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

"We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient,
Ah, brow with the look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn."

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

# A PROMISE FULFILLED.

## REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE ELDER RICHARD BALLANTYNE.

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On the twenty-fourth of July, 1853, thirteen elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints arrived in Calcutta, the capital of Hindoostan, to be from thence distributed to other parts of Asia. At a conference of the elders, I was appointed, with elders Robert Owen and Robert Skelton, to labor in Madras, and other parts of Southern India. Some were sent to Bombay; some up the Ganges to the north; some to Siam; and others, with elder N. V. Jones, the president of the mission, were to remain in Calcutta.

On our arrival, we found a branch of the Church, numbering eleven souls, of whom two or three were elders. One of the main purposes for which we were sent out aside from preaching the gospel was to sustain the doctrine of plural marriage, which had, for the first time, in the previous September, been publicly published as a doctrine of the Church. As was expected, almost everywhere, this doctrine aroused a most bitter sentiment against the Church, and caused it to be denounced as an institution created to foster vice and minister to the basest passions of mankind. On the other hand, we were sent to proclaim it as a pure principle, designed to purify the relations of the sexes, and commanded of God to elevate mankind here, and to secure for them in the eternal worlds, a never-ending enlargement of posterity, with glory, honor, and exaltation, throughout the eternities

to come. But notwithstanding our efforts, the hatred and persecution increased, and under these circumstances, few favors were given to the elders.

In about six weeks after our arrival, we learned from a vision given me of the city of Madras, that the time had come to make arrangements for a voyage thence. This was when the southwestern monsoons were blowing violently across the Bay of Bengal, rendering a voyage to Madras extremely perilous. In consequence, only two vessels could be found going thither. One was the English mail steamer, and the other a brig, owned and commanded by Captain Thomas Scott. The name of the vessel was *The John Brightman.* The officers of the mail steamer absolutely refused us a passage, and so, at first, did Captain Scott. Captain Scott's objection was that we were men of bad reputation, and as two English ladies of wealth were going with him, he said it would be an outrage on them were he to take us into his cabin to be their associates. However, this refusal did not discourage us, for we felt that go with him we must; we therefore continued to visit him four successive mornings thereafter, but without avail. We finally asked him how much money he would take. He said his price was three hundred and fifty rupees, but added, "I cannot take you at any price."

Next morning, on awaking early, I said to Brother Skelton, "Let us go down and see the captain again, and let us go in the name of the Lord." To this he freely assented. We at once arose, dressed ourselves, and, having called upon the name of the Lord for help, we, for the sixth time, reached the vessel, which was anchored in the Hoogley river. And having gone on deck, the captain saluted us and introduced us to a parsee merchant, who, with the captain was engaged in invoicing boxes of merchandise. At once, this gentleman engaged us in conversation, asking us questions concerning the Saints. To all his questions, I gave him satisfactory answers; which answers seemed also to satisfy Captain Scott.

Noticing a favorable expression in his countenance, I addressed him thus: "Captain Scott, we want to go with you to Madras. We have but little money, and of that little we need ten rupees to buy a few needed articles for the voyage, but we will give you the

balance, and promise you, in the name of the Lord, that you will go safely, if you take us with you."

These words seemed to strike into the very heart of the captain, and he slapped his hands together and exclaimed "*It's a bargain;* I will take you; be ready in a week from today." In the meantime, I was taken very sick, but at the appointed time, I was carried in a palanquin on board the ship, and immediately my health began to improve. That afternoon we dropped down the river about ten miles and anchored for the night. Next morning we again set sail, but having a strong head-wind, we made slow progress, having to tack ship, first one way then another, to catch the wind. However, during the forenoon, we reached a point where many ships had been sunk in the quick-sands, some of whose masts we saw protruding above the surface of the river. To go further, there was only a narrow channel. As we were about to enter this channel, we were overtaken by a large three-masted ship, which was coming down upon us with all sails set. To avoid a collision seemed impossible, and to avoid it and go on the quick-sands was certain destruction. The channel seemed too narrow for both vessels, and after yelling out orders by the captains of both vessels to avoid either being sunk, Captain Scott, now frantic with despair looked to the poop where I was sitting, rushed to me, and with his clenched fist threatening my face, wildly exclaimed:

"You promised me a safe passage to Madras!"

"Yes," I promptly replied, "and you shall have it."

At the top of his voice, he yelled out, "Impossible: we are sunk."

"Oh no, captain," I quietly responded, "we are not sunk, neither will we be."

At this solemn moment the other large ship was within one hundred feet of us, under full sail, and bearing right for our broadside. But by the miraculous power of God, as soon as I assured the captain we would not be sunk, the big ship eased off and passed by, within three feet, but doing us no harm.

Captain Scott said nothing to me during the rest of the day, but when evening came, he asked me if I had any books. I said "Yes," and gave him a copy of the "Only Way to be Saved," a tract written by Apostle Lorenzo Snow. This he seemed to have

read carefully, and asked for more. I then gave him a copy of the Book of Mormon, which he also read.

The reading of these works, and the conversations we daily had at the dining table, convinced the captain of the divinity of our mission, and when we reached Madras, he was fully prepared to aid us in establishing the work of God.

Next morning before going ashore he came into my state-room and handed me back fifty rupees of the money I had paid for our passage, and at other times paid us much more than we had given him; besides giving me the fifty rupees and a pair of new shoes, before he went ashore he said, "If you will stay till I return, I will arrange hotel quarters for your accommodation." I gratefully thanked him for his generous kindness, and promised to stay.

After returning to the ship and attending to some business, towards evening Brother Skelton and myself accompanied him to a large and elegant hotel, where he had, at his own expense, provided for us "gentleman's quarters," consisting of a combined parlor and dining-room to which the servants brought our meals, consisting of the best and richest food the hotel afforded; but of this, while thanking God for his marvelous care of his servants in this far off land, we ate sparingly. I should have added that in addition to the parlor and dining-room, we were provided with a bath-room and bed-room.

In addition to all this, before darkness set in, the captain took me to the Oriental Printing Office and ordered one thousand copies of Apostle Parley P. Pratt's "Proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the People of Asia and the Islands of the Sea." What heart that would not have been overwhelmed with all this goodness, or that could have refrained from rendering to God, the Eternal Father, from a grateful heart, the profoundest emotions of thanks, love and unfeigned consecration to his service who had thus cared for his servants among strangers, and by the hands of one, who all his life long had been a stranger to God; all this we did on our bended knees before retiring that night to our rest; for this, to us, had been a memorable day; and, besides, we had been saved from a watery grave, and honored as his servants in the presence of a man who had been all his life long as to God, a publican and a heathenish worshiper of Mammon, the God of this world.

# JOSEPH ALVA WEST.

One of the early and energetic workers in the Mutual Improvement cause was Joseph A. West, who was assistant secretary to Nephi W. Clayton, being chosen to this position in April, 1885. Elder West has always been an enthusiastic supporter of our associations, and while his labors as civil engineer take him away from us, so that he can not give the work that personal and regular attention he would desire, his heart is with the young people, and they have in him a staunch friend who is practically and thoroughly familiar with improvement work, having held almost every position in the organization. The ERA presents a splendid portrait of Elder West in this number, and the following sketch of his life is taken from the Latter-day Saints *Biographical Encyclopedia:*

Joseph A. West is the son of Chauncey W. West and Mary Hoagland, and was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 12, 1851. His colonial ancestry came to America in the early part of the sixteenth century, and his parents, who had arrived in Utah in 1847, removed to Bingham's Fort, Weber county, in 1855. In the following spring they located in Ogden, where Joseph A. received a common school education. He subsequently attended the Deseret University, at Salt Lake City. In the winter of 1865, he and a number of other young men were called from different parts of the Territory by President Brigham Young to go to Salt Lake City, and learn telegraphy, preparatory to taking offices on the Deseret Telegraph Line then projected between Paris, Idaho, and St. George, in southern Utah. The first office on this line outside of Salt Lake was opened at Ogden, and here, on Dec. 1, 1866, Joseph A. West received President Young's opening congratulatory message directed to his father. He soon after went to Provo, where he

remained in charge of the Provo office without compensation until released to return home the following year. In the meantime, the Western Union Telegraph company built a line into Idaho and Montana; and when he returned to Ogden, he was appointed manager of the Ogden office, embracing the lines of the two companies.

When, in the early days of Utah's settlement, the necessity existed for the maintenance of a well disciplined militia organization, Joseph A. West became associated therewith. He first acted as aid-de-camp on his father's staff, and on Feb. 20, 1868, when in his seventeenth year, he was commissioned by Governor Durkee regimental adjutant in the first regiment, first brigade, in the Territorial militia. In the fall of 1870, he was appointed major of cavalry, and detailed to enlist a battalion of volunteer cavalry from among the young men of the Weber Military District, to be known as the Weber county Volunteers. So popular was the movement that the command numbered 250 in a very short time. They soon became very proficient in military tactics, under the command of Major West, and being completely uniformed, presented a very fine appearance.

There being quite a demand for surveyors in those early days, President Young, about this time, requested Brother West's father to educate his son for this profession. He was accordingly sent to Salt Lake City, where he entered the office of Jesse W. Fox, then Territorial surveyor-general, and under his direction he received practical training. In 1868, when eighteen years of age, he had so far acquired a knowledge of the profession as to be deemed qualified to act as Deputy Territorial Surveyor. He was subsequently elected city surveyor of Ogden, and county surveyor of Weber county. When the Utah Central Railway was being built between Ogden and Salt Lake City, he was one of the engineers who had charge of its construction. He was assistant chief engineer of the Utah and Northern, or Oregon Short Line, as it is now called, and in addition to having charge of the construction of this line from Ogden north, he made several preliminary surveys into Idaho through regions then comparatively unknown. Since that time he has headed expeditions as chief engineer for projected lines of railways, all over the west, many of which have since been

built. As early as 1880, he made extensive surveys between Salt Lake City and California, through central Nevada, of which work the *Deseret Evening News* of Feb. 25, 1881, made the following complimentary mention: "Joseph A. West is said to be one of the best field engineers in the west. We were informed by a prominent railway man yesterday that he accomplished the unusual feat of surveying for the Salt Lake and Western over a distance of 350 miles of desert last year." Again, in 1888, he had charge of the Union Pacific surveys in California and Nevada, having for their object the obtainment of the most feasible route for a railway between Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, via southern Utah and south-eastern Nevada. While upon this expedition, he surveyed three lines through Death valley, and encountered many hardships incident to that dreadful locality. In 1890, he went to Oregon and built the Sumpter Valley Railway, of which, in addition to being chief engineer, he was made secretary, and subsequently general superintendent. He was chief engineer and superintendent of construction of the Utah and Pacific Railway, and after its completion remained in charge of the operating department of the road until again called to go to Oregon to superintend the building of the Sumpter Valley Extension.

February 17, 1865, he was ordained an Elder, and a Seventy March 20, 1869; he was also set apart as one of the seven presidents of the 75th quorum of Seventy. Oct. 21, 1877, he was ordained a High Priest and set apart as a High Councilor in the Weber Stake of Zion, which position he held until called to go on a mission some five years later. When the young men of Ogden City were organized into a semi-religious and literary society by Apostle Franklin D. Richards, in the early 70's, Elder West was called to be their president, and when the Mutual Improvement associations were organized a few years later, he was appointed stake superintendent. About this time *The Amateur* was published, with Joseph A. West as its editor. This little periodical ran through two volumes and was enlarged to a four page publication, 12x16 inches in size. It was superceded by the *Contributor*.

November 1, 1878, Elder West organized the Junction Printing Association, of which he was made president and business manager, and bought out the *Ogden Junction*, which he greatly enlarged and

changed from an evening to a morning paper. He also published a semi-weekly edition of the same paper, and the following year published a paper at Logan called the *Logan Leader*. Hon. Frank J. Cannon and Benjamin F. Cummings, Jun., were among its first editors.

Having been called upon a mission to England, he left home April 11, 1882, with a large company of Elders (over which he was called to preside) for his appointed field of labor. He arrived at Liverpool on the 29th, and was assigned to the London conference. In June following he was appointed president of said conference, which position he held until his return home. During his absence, he traveled considerably over the British Isles and continental Europe, going as far as Rome and Naples, near which latter place he visited Herculaneum and Pompeii and ascended Mount Vesuvius.

The winter after his return from England, he was appointed minute clerk of the lower house of the Utah legislature, and was selected by that body to get up an official map of Utah, which he did the following year. He was likewise appointed a member of the board of directors of the Territorial Insane Asylum, a position which he held for several years and until after the completion of the building in 1885.

At the general semi-annual conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, held at Salt Lake City, in October, 1883, he was appointed first assistant in the general superintendency of the organization.

In 1885, he was nominated for the legislature by the people of Weber county and elected by a large majority. He served his constituency with fidelity and distinction, and was made a member of several of the most important committees of the house. During much of the session he occupied the speaker's chair. He was also appointed chairman of the committee on memorials to Congress, and of the committee on the governor's vetoes. These vetoes were annoyingly frequent during the session, occasioned by the rabid anti-"Mormon" disposition of the governor. They covered nearly every enactment of the session, including the general appropriation bill, carrying with it the pay and expenses of every department of the local government, as well as the appropriations to the several Territorial institutions, such as the Insane Asylum, the Deseret

University, etc., etc. At the close of the session, Joseph A. West was selected to go to Washington and assist in the presentation of the legislature's side of the controversy with the governor to the General Government. The Congressional appropriation for the pay of the legislature, and the expenses of the session, had been withheld, and this he was also instructed to try to recover.

On the 23rd of March, 1886, he left for Washington, where he remained until the 10th of June following. He called upon the President and members of the Cabinet, and labored diligently among the members of Congress during the whole period of his absence. These were among the darkest days in the history of Utah, for every department of the General Government seemed to be arrayed against her people, backed by the public sentiment of the entire nation. It was at this time that the notorious Edmunds-Tucker bill was before the Congress—that infamous measure that wrought such havoc and produced such a reign of terror in Utah a few years later. Early in May, Hon. John T. Caine and Joseph A. West joined in a communication to the Hon. J. Q. C. Lamar, then Secretary of the Interior, fully setting forth the Utah situation, and asking for such legislation as would relieve the Territory of the embarrassing situation occasioned by Governor Murray's sweeping veto messages. The letter having been presented to the Cabinet, the President, under date of May 11th, sent a special message to Congress upon the subject, taking the "Mormon" side of the controversy. He promptly removed the governor, and the desired legislative relief was soon after obtained. Mr. West now turned his attention to the withheld legislative pay, and after an arduous struggle with the First Comptroller of the Treasury, Hon. Milton H. Durham, finally succeeded in securing every cent of the illegally withheld appropriation, to the great satisfaction of his legislative colleagues, and the people of the Territory in general. May 4, 1886, Jos. A. West appeared before the full judiciary committee of the House and made a two hours' argument against the Edmunds-Tucker bill, a lengthy report of which was published in the Utah papers at the time. Since his return from Washington he has been almost continually occupied in the construction and operation of railroads. His present home is at Ogden, Utah.

# LIFE IN JAPAN.

BY SANDFORD W. HEDGES, OF THE JAPANESE MISSION.

Next Saturday night (April 18, 1903,) we have a meeting in the "Kinki Kwan." That is a theatre and lecture hall, in one of the largest districts in Kanda. Kanda is the district we lived in when we staid at the hotel. Apostle Heber J. Grant will be the chief speaker, and he will speak in English at this meeting, which is to be the first of a series we intend holding there. He will be followed by Elder Horace Ensign, who will speak for a short time, followed by Elders Alma O. Taylor and Fred Caine in the Japanese language.* Then we will all have our turn. We intend giving about six vocal selections, with a solo by Elder Ensign. Already the news has spread, and we expect to have a good crowd; our friends here are very much interested, and Mr. Hirai, who speaks good English, obtained the hall for us. Mr. Hirai is the gentleman who gave a lecture before a religious convention in America, his speech appearing in the *Deseret News*, and was on "Japan's Relation Towards Christianity." We are looking forward to the event with great anticipations of pleasure.

Let me tell you about an experience we had on the 12th. After our afternoon meeting, the lot of us left to attend the opening of a girls' school, situated about a half hour's walk from Tokyo. We are of course interested in education, and love to see advance-

* By letter from Apostle Heber J. Grant received later, it is learned that the meeting was a great success, the house being nearly filled with people. The young missionaries who spoke in the foreign language did well. Mention is specially made of Alma O. Taylor who spoke for fifteen minutes; he was congratulated by some of the leading Japanese present who said his language was without fault.—Editors.

ment among the girls as well as the boys, and hence we gladly accepted the invitation. Elder Horace Ensign was asked to sing, which he gladly did. We found about one hundred girls prettily grouped on a sidehill awaiting our arrival, and what do you think they were waiting for? They were waiting to have us in a picture that was about to be taken of them. We scattered through the group, and the work over, we proceeded to the building. As we were special guests we did not have to take off our shoes. The room was not light, large and airy as most of our buildings are at home, but a rather low, dark, little room with benches about a foot and a half high, without backs. A raised stand was in one corner of the room where the performer acted. When all were seated the program soon began. Two selections of vocal music were followed by an instrumental piece. Then came Elder Ensign's song. As it was Sunday, he sang "O Ye Mountains High," and he no sooner began than loud applause rang forth from the audience; when he came to the chorus, we all joined in, and that took the house by storm. We have a very good choir. The sisters, Apostle Grant and Elders Caine and Ensign sing treble, Elders Joseph Featherstone, Erastus Jarvis and John Stoker, bass, and Elder Taylor and myself sing tenor. We practice three times every day, and so have become quite proficient in our singing. After our song was concluded Elder Ensign sang "Kimiga," the Japanese national hymn, and when he concluded, he began over and asked all to join. It was a treat to hear and see the young girls sing. It was, perhaps, the first time they had heard a foreigner sing their national song, and enthusiasm ran high. Such an event will never leave the young mind. We made a good impression. At the conclusion of the exercises we were taken to a beautiful spot commanding a view of the surrounding country, and there served with Japanese dainties, which had an elegant taste to our palates, for more than a month had passed since we had tasted this class of food. The older students waited on us, and you could see "thanks" written on their faces, while their eyes fairly sparkled as they passed about serving the dainties. In bashful respect they shook our hands, exclaiming, "Dom origato goyaimasu," or "I thank you very much." The lady school mistress was as bright a lady as I ever saw, and the girls were pretty, bright and interesting.

We left the school with the best of feelings, and they then requested us to visit the place of cherry blossoms. The people here go clean wild over flowers, and at this time of year, the trees are loaded. They took us twelve miles west of Tokyo. Going by train to Sakai station, we walked from there to the next station through a lovely country of beautiful fields. The path, three feet wide, wound around in a perfect wilderness of flowers which blossomed everywhere, making it a paradise ideal. Thus we spent an hour. We entered a town whose main street is divided in the center by a beautiful stream whose banks are lined with lovely cherry trees over three hundred years old. By one of these old cherry trees we had a picture taken. Three of us climbed into the tree, while the remainder were grouped under its spreading branches. We continued up this stream for more than a mile. All along the street were refreshment rooms. The men, sad to say, get drunk sometimes. They have a gourd which each one carries to drink from, and one never sees them drink from a bottle as is the case in America. These gourds are large and small, and are tied on a stick and put over the shoulder, so that the men make "no bones" about displaying their bottles, so to speak.

When we had seen all the flowers, we started to the station, and being in a hurry, we boys took off our coats and started to walk, while the ladies rode in rikishas. We had not gone far when we decided to change with the rikisha men. Each of us five boys took a jinrikisha. Sister Ensign being the heaviest in the lot, I had her. How the natives did laugh! At the distance of about two blocks we gave up the job. We were still a mile from the station, and as the time was short, the men began to trot. Each of us boys caught hold of the rikisha and trotted along with the men to the station where the combination attracted considerable attention.

The ride in return was through a lovely country of rice fields. Each field is separated from its neighbor by a narrow wall of earth upon which is a foot-wide path. A misstep would sink you into a nice, marshy rice field. At this time of the year, wheat is eighteen inches high, and the whole country is clothed in the mantle of spring. They do not irrigate here, for it rains so very much that all the watering is done by nature. You see small

groves here, with paths permeating them as even as a well-laid sidewalk; while if you should look at this same grove, and only see the tops of the trees, you would imagine it impossible to penetrate its dense foliage. Many trees here have foliage only at the top, while their trunks are as clean as a pole.

In the course of ninety minutes, in which we traveled twelve miles by rail, we reached Tokyo, where we took our baths, rubbed ourselves with alcohol and were soon at rest, arising on the Monday morning as fresh as ever. We all enjoyed the trip very much, and it gave us boys a glimpse of what is before us when we must go out into the country, two and two, to promulgate the gospel, which is quite another story.

But it is by overcoming our hardships and trials that we grow strong, and with this view before me, I am pleased and happy to begin active work here. I realize that we will not have smooth sailing all the time, for representing the Church, and bearing the name we do, will bring on opposition and hatred. As yet, I know not what awaits me, but I know that if I do my full duty, and endeavor to be humble and prayerful, I will be protected and guarded from all danger and accident. We all like Apostle Grant very much. He is very kind to us. We speak the book language, but when we get out into the country, we hope soon to pick up the dialects. The country people in Japan are honest and kind, and will treat us well. We are all in the best of health, and are as happy as can be, and we send kind greetings to the people at home.

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## CHARITY.

O, charity, thou blessed word!
Possess it ev'ry heart!
An emblem of God's perfect love—
Of him a counterpart.—*George W. Crocheron.*

# TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

## VIII—A TRADE.

The most useful man is the best educated man.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

*Learn a good trade and it will be your support when your friends and money are gone.*

An old Hebrew maxim says: "He who does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to steal." This saying was meant in a general sense as applied to industry, and the dignity of self-sustenance. It is conspicuous in that it comes from a race that has been the bankers of the world for many ages; and behind it lies the principle of power with that people. The same race has another adage of equal veracity: "Labor honors those who labor."

The attention of the reader is called to the fact that honest and intelligent labor has always been the true source of prosperity and happiness. If any young man is today looking forth to a career, let him know, as he stands upon its threshhold, that there is no honorable way to success except by genuine work. Nearly every man must live by one of two methods, thrift or theft. If he eats the fruits of others' toil, and gives them nothing in return, he is as much a thief as the other rascal serving time for petit larceny.

*"Don't mistake habits for karacter; the men ov the most karacter hav the fewest habits."—Josh Billings.*

The growing disposition of young men in our communities to shirk the arduous duties and drudgery incident to the learning of a skillful trade is very regretable. Many of the founders of our cities and towns were tradesmen, as well as financiers, and by reason of the success which their energy reaped, have reared their sons far more luxuriously than they themselves were reared. This

comfortable environment has developed, in the rising generation, tastes for "nicer" vocations; and the workshop is abandoned for the office, the bank, or the bar. The tendency toward professional callings has been stronger than it should have been during the past decade, and a return to the bench and workshop would today be proper for the majority of our young men. There is a most conspicuous falling behind in the mechanical pursuits, among the progressive young men of our state.

It will require grit and determination to lay aside habits for true character, and to put aside fine clothes and white linen, and put on overalls and jumper, and get to work in dust and grease and smoke, but that's the sure way to make men.

*"Iron bars and perspiration" build characters as well as structures of steel and stone.*

A young man should aspire to be something more than a common laborer; be a skilled artisan. Learn a trade that develops the brain as well as the brawn, and you'll find in it independence, dignity, a comfortable living, advantages never dreamed of, perhaps, and, still more, it may be a means to great and noble ends.

How pitiably dependent is the man who has no hand-craft at his command! He can only use a pick or a shovel, and thereby rates himself at one dollar and a half, or two dollars per day. Think of it! A man with a brain that can think, and a hand that can take hold of things, valuing himself at one dollar and a half per day! And all for the lack of muscular and mental education combined.

To be a mechanic does not require the laying aside of intellectual training that every man should strive for; in fact the two go hand in hand. The late George G. Bywater was a man of unusual intellectual attainments, and, at the same time, a locomotive engineer of the highest rank. While engaged in running the locomotive on passenger trains between this city and Ogden, he was, one Sunday, called to occupy the pulpit in the Tabernacle. In the audience were a number of distinguished Union Pacific officials, who, after the service, were very anxious to meet the speaker who had delivered the learned and instructive discourse. President Young told the visitors that the speaker had to hurry off to catch his train, but that they could meet him at the depot, as they were to leave on his train. When they met the man, it was beside his loco-

motive, where he stood with jumper on, and oil can in hand. One of these distinguished gentlemen rode in the locomotive cab, with the engineer, and from that day on, a strong friendship existed between them. The party expressed themselves as feeling perfectly safe in riding on a train behind such an engineer.

A father who does not give his son a trade, but teaches him industry only, sends him forth into life's battle with a stick in his hand instead of a sword. With such miserable equipment, is it any wonder that many fall in the fierce struggle for competent existence? But give the young man a hand-craft along with head-craft, and the battle is half won at the very onset.

Laboring men remain common laborers generation after generation. Only a small per cent of the toiling masses rise from the traditional rut in which they find themselves environed. But it is invariably the tradesman, the mechanic, that has trained the mind to work with the hand, that lifts his family from the thraldom of poverty, and places them in a higher sphere. Then the advantages of education are seen and seized, and that tradesman has emancipated his descendents to the fourth or fifth generations.

One day, the writer was in the office of the late Elias Morris, and there heard a venerable looking gentleman make the following splendid statement to the bishop: "Twenty years ago, you told my son to drop the hod, and you put a trowel in his hand. Today, he is the father of a large and prosperous family. He attributes his success in life to that turning-point which your interest and insight into his character brought about."

A young man was driving team for one dollar and a quarter per day. His employer recognized in him a conscientious regard for his work, and determined to elevate him. He consequently called him down from the wagon seat, and put a chisel and mallet into his hand. Scarce five years have passed, and that teamster is now a fair mechanic, drawing about three times the wage he drew formerly. This is a fair example of the monetary advantage that a trade usually has over common day-labor. There are, however, hundreds of men, in this state, who are capable of being first-class mechanics, but for want of grit and opportunity, are working for wages that a Pullman car porter would look upon with contempt. And still farther, there are professional men, too, of fine scholastic

attainments, who are working for similar wages, while, among the competent tradesmen, such as masons, carpenters, plumbers, and stone-cutters, there are many who are making from five to six dollars per day.

The compensation, however, is not the only consideration in regard to work. The pleasure a man has in his toil is often quite as deserving of attention as the wages.

*To be a real tradesman, one must have pleasure in his work. His heart must be in it.*

A great artist was once asked how it was that he produced such beautiful blending of colors in his painting. He replied: "I mix them with my brains." A man's brains and heart must be put into his work, or he is not a great workman. When you build, do so as though you were to out-do the pyramids; build for eternity.

During a recent stay in Chicago, the writer visited the plant of a very successful contractor. The energetic proprietor said to him: "I work from ten to twelve hours each day. If I don't get pleasure out of my work, I have none in life." He was the man at the heart of his business. The scores of employes under him recognized him as their master mechanic, and there was not a piece of work in the shop that he was not master of. By reason of his conscientious attention to the details of his work, he has made a reputation for superior workmanship, and he had all the work of the highest order in his line he could do, and for it received his own price, always. He absolutely refused to do anything but the best work, and thereby established a reputation.

"*A mechanic's reputation is his capital.*"

"*A broken reputation iz like a broken vase; it may be mended, but always shows where the krak was.*"—*Josh Billings.*

An incident in the life of Bishop Elias Morris illustrates this, and shows the jealousy with which he guarded his reputation as a mechanic. It occurred back in the 50's. He and his wife were locating in Provo, and the bishop had purchased a log cabin for one dollar, and had just moved it onto a main street lot which he had received in exchange for a new English overcoat. The newly located couple had been entertaining some friends, one night, and had made up an unusually large log fire. The heat had been so intense that it had burned the heavy log on the outside which

propped the adobe chimney. After they had gone to bed, and just fallen asleep, the bishop and wife were suddenly awakened by a tremendous noise. It did not take long to discover that the log had been burned away, and the great chimney on the outside of the cabin had tumbled into a heap. The young mason soon saw his way out of his predicament, and said to his wife: "We must rebuild the chimney before daylight, for," added he, "how can I expect to get other people to employ me to build for them, if I cannot build a chimney for myself that will stand?" With his wife as tender, he rebuilt the chimney before daylight, and when the morning light came, it did not reveal a mechanic with a damaged reputation. A few years later, Elias Morris contracted for the construction of the first story of the Salt Lake temple, and his reputation as a builder will stand unequalled, at least for the first fifty years of Utah's history.

We spoke of a trade as serving as a means to greater ends. Because a young man masters a trade, it does not follow that he must slavishly follow that vocation without hope of enlarging his sphere. Two young men, today, stand high in the profession of law who were at the beginning of their careers, one, a stone-cutter on the Temple block; the other, a carpenter in the shop. But each used the trade he mastered as a means to other ends.

Since we have ventured to mention names, let us go still farther, for, as Ingersol once said, "after all, men are the best books." About fifty years ago, Henry Dinwoodey might have been seen making barrels and tubs in a little shop in St. Louis, (and beside him his thrifty wife, selling nic-nacs). Later, he followed his trade in this city, and went from that to cabinet work and wood carving. Today he can ride in his carriage through the beautiful streets of Salt Lake City, and point out, here and there, cornice and woodwork which he did with his own tools, in the days of small things. He is the owner of one of the largest and most prosperous establishments in this inter-mountain country. And it all came into his hands through the means of the trade he mastered in his younger days.

As much may be said of the personnel of the well known firm of Taylor, Romney and Armstrong, of this city. Both of the two gentlemen first named spent their early days at the bench, and

stood knee deep in shavings, pushing the jack-plane and rip-saw. Their hands, to this day, bear the royal scars of this earth's "indefeasable scepter," the implements of hand-craft. They are, today, prosperous men of large affairs, connected with many of the largest business concerns in the state. And what is still more commendable in these men, their lives are not so wrapped in business affairs that they can do nothing else. Each of them is able to spend the greater part of his time in higher and nobler callings than the mart and workshop. They work untiringly in the service of the Master-workman.

Among the most competent mechanics we have had in this country is William Silver. He equipped his three sons with good trades, and today they are the proprietors of a growing and prosperous plant unsurpassed between Denver and the coast. This came to them by reason of the hand-craft which a wise and industrious father imparted to them.

Wilford Woodruff was a miller by trade, and Heber C. Kimball, a potter; While Brigham young was a glazier and cabinet-maker.

> No man is born into this world whose work
> Is not born with him; there is always work,
> And tools to work withal, for those who will;
> And blessed are the horny hands of toil!—*Lowell.*

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## DO RIGHT!

Motive and action make character, both in men and in organizations. It is the man with pure motives and steady purpose who builds for himself a noble character. If the motives be selfish, or abandoned on slight provocation, the resultant character is an object of scorn and a thing ignoble.

# SOME MISTAKES MADE WHILE PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

BY ELDER WM. A. MORTON.

Of course, our elders have made many mistakes. Indeed, it would have been the greatest miracle ever known if they had not done so. What could be expected from young men, scarcely out of their teens, taken from almost every avocation in life, without any special preparation, and sent forth on a few weeks' notice, to preach the gospel which the Savior and his apostles taught.

The Lord knows full well how many of the elders would act, and knowing that, he inspired his servant Joseph Smith to give counsel and words of warning to them, that they might know how to conduct themselves in the mission field, and thus save themselves from much persecution.

Now, we know that many of the elders have suffered a great deal of persecution, and we also know that much of it came to them because they failed to hearken to the counsel of the Lord.

At a conference, some time ago, the elders were reporting their labors. One of the brethren stated that he and his companion had been subjected to considerable persecution, and on one occasion had been "rotten egged." Another missionary said that in the locality in which he and his companion had been laboring, the people had "egged" them also; "but," said he, "the eggs were served on platters." Perhaps if the former elder had acted as wisely as his fellow laborer, he would have had a different "egg" story to tell.

This is the counsel which the Prophet gave to those who might be called and sent forth to proclaim the Gospel to the nations of the earth:

"What the elders should preach—March 30, 1836. The elders

met in the Kirtland Temple, to attend to the ordinance of washing of feet, under the direction of the Prophet Joseph. He made the following remarks: 'That the time that we were required to tarry in Kirtland to be endowed, would be fulfilled in a few days, and then the elders would go forth, and each must stand for himself, as it was not necessary for them to be sent out, two by two, as in former times, but to go in all meekness, in sobriety, and preach Jesus Christ and him crucified, *and not contend with others on account of their faith, or systems of religion,* but pursue a steady course. This I delivered by way of commandment; and all who observe it not will pull down persecution upon their heads, while those who do shall always be filled with the Holy Ghost. This I pronounced as a prophecy, and sealed up with hosanna and amen."—*Compendium,* p. 268.

A short time ago I picked up a newspaper which contained an account of the experience of two young missionaries. They had been sent to open up a new district. They went around during the day and distributed tracts, and gave notice of an open-air meeting which was to be held in the evening. A large crowd of people assembled. During the meeting, the people became very angry, and at the close of the service they denounced the brethren, and told them they did not want them to hold any more meetings there. The missionaries, however, told the people that they would return the following week and hold another meeting. They kept their promise, and the next week the people were even more angry than they had been the previous week. A week later, the elders returned, and found the people filled with indignation against them. They were worked up to a "white heat," as it were. The elder gave a description of the excited condition of the people, and then added: "They were very angry, but we didn't care about that. We opened our meeting and Elder ——— began to preach to the people about the apostasy."

The elder's remarks so roused the ire of the already angry multitude, that they ordered the missionaries to leave their city, and threatened to do bodily violence to them if they did not do so. To preach the apostasy to a people so agitated as those people were, seems to me to have been a very unwise proceeding; it was just like shaking a red flag in the face of an angry bull.

I think that many of the elders have been too combative, and also antagonistic. Instead of preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, they have attacked the people's religion and ridiculed it. We do not like people to speak disrespectfully of our faith; then why should we speak disrespectfully of other people's religion? Catholicism is to Catholics what "Mormonism" is to us; the Methodists and Baptists have as much love for their religion as we have for ours, and we should live up to our profession and allow all men to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. If elders would spend more time in worshiping and preaching about the true God—the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—and let the Christian God alone, much better results would follow. I think that our missionaries could profitably follow the example of St. Patrick. When that faithful missionary came to Ireland, he found the people steeped in idolatry; but it is recorded that he went to work and took down their idols so quietly that the people stood looking on, thinking all the time that he was performing an act of worship.

Instead of wasting time in denouncing the bodiless, partless, passionless God of modern Christendom, let us tell the people of the true and the living God, who made the heavens and the earth, and man in his own image; instead of condemning the religion of the world, let us spend our time in proclaiming the true, pure, gospel of Christ that has been revealed in these latter days. If people can see anything at all, they will be able to see the beauty, the truth and divinity of our religion, and they will forsake the foolish traditions and fables of their fathers, and lay hold on those better things. I remember well the first gospel sermon I ever heard. It was preached by Elder David H. Morris, of St. George, Utah. In plain, simple language, and in a meek and quiet spirit he laid before us the gospel of Jesus Christ; he did not refer to or condemn any religion. I saw at a glance the superiority of the "Mormon" doctrine, and that night I gave up the faith of my fathers, and accepted with gladness the message of life and salvation revealed from heaven.

I hope that these few suggestions may be profitable to our young missionaries.

## THE DAYS OF TYRANNY AND WRONG ARE NOT FOREVER.

Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?
The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, all answer—No!

Can ye drive young spring from the blossom'd earth,
Or the earthquake still in its awful birth?
Will the hand on time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the universe cease for thee?
The shaking mountains, the flowers that blow,
The pulse of the universe, answer—No!

Can ye burn a truth in the martyr's fire,
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire;
Or stay the soul as it soars away,
To glorious life, from this mouldering clay?
The truth that liveth, the thoughts that go,
The spirit ascending, all answer—No!

O priest! O despot! your doom they speak,
For God is mighty as ye are weak,
Your night and your winter from earth must roll;
Your chains must melt from the limb and the soul.
Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have bro't us woe;
Shall ye triumph much longer? We answer—No!

Ye have built your temples, with gems impearled,
On the broken heart of a famished world;
Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
And made its children a race of slaves!
O'er future age shall the ruin go?
We gather against you, and answer—No!

But ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
But weak are ye, the strength is ours!
In gold, in arms, and in pride ye move;
But we are stronger—our strength is love!
Can ye slay truth or love with a curse or blow?
The beautiful heavens, they answer—No!

The winter night of the world is past;
The day of humanity dawns at last!
The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
And prophets, and seers, and heroes arise!
Their words and their deeds like the thunders go—
Can ye stifle their voices? They answer—No!

It is God who speaks in their words of might;
'Tis God who acts in their deeds of right!
Lo! Eden waiteth like a radiant bride;
Humanity springeth elate to her side!
Can ye serve the twain who to oneness flow?
The voice of Divinity answereth—No!—*Selected.*

# SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

*Russia and Manchuria.*

Word was received the closing days of April from the United States minister at Pekin that Russia had declined to take any further steps toward the evacuation of Manchuria until China had granted certain concessions to Russia. The information was somewhat startling to this country, as Manchuria is a wealthy Chinese province in the north-eastern part of the Empire, and contains such resources as to invite the commercial activity of the enterprising nations of the world. At present, about thirty-five percent of the foreign importation of that province comes from the United States, and whatever, therefore, affects the open door policy respecting Manchuria touches this country at a vital point.

To understand the situation in this province, a brief review of Russia's relationship to Manchuria is of great importance. During the construction of the great Siberian railroad, Russia found herself hard pressed for a seaport connecting this railway system that would be open winter and summer. The one farther north in Siberia, Vladivostok, is ice-bound a considerable portion of the year. China granted an outlet, and permitted the Russians to build a road through eastern Manchuria down to Port Arthur.

During the year 1900, at the time of the Boxer outbreak, bands of Chinese troops, or armed rebels, passed beyond Manchuria into Siberia, and threatened Russian railway property, and created disturbances along the railroad in Siberia. To quell these disturb-

ances, and to protect its road in Manchuria, Russia mobilized a part of the Siberian army into this Chinese province. After the Boxer outbreak had been quelled, this and other governments became suspicious about Russia's prolonged military occupation of Manchuria, and sought to ascertain from the Czar's government assurances that the troops would be withdrawn from Manchuria. Russia assented to the request of the powers, and gave assurances that it would not seek to annex any Chinese territory. Later in the fall of 1901, it leaked out that Russia was negotiating a secret treaty with China which would practically put Manchuria under the control of Russia. Great Britain, Japan, and the United States protested vigorously against the treaty, and finally secured a modification of it, and the treaty modified was signed on April 8, 1902. By this treaty, Russia was to withdraw her troops from Manchuria by October 8, 1903. China was to put sufficient troops in that province to protect the Russian railroad without the assistance of any foreign power. Since this treaty of April 8, of last year, the troops have been withdrawn from two thirds of Manchuria; but, before withdrawing the remainder of the troops, Russia is seeking to obtain such privileges from China as will give her practically control of that province. The demands of Russia are stipulations on the part of China that no new treaty port shall be opened in Manchuria, that no new foreign consulates be permitted, that none but Russians be employed in any administrative capacity, civil or military, throughout Manchuria, while the Newchwang custom receipts are to be paid into the Russo-Chinese bank. If these stipulations were granted, they would practically close the door of our commerce, and the commerce of all other nations except Russia, to Manchuria. If Russia should succeed in this policy, it is only a question of time when Germany would adopt a similar policy in the adjoining province of Shantung, and the dismemberment of China, by the great powers, would practically begin.

As soon as the announcement of Russia's demands was made, our sectretary of State, Mr. Hay, at once cabled to St. Petersburg, and to China, for further information, and at the same time entered our protest against any such act on the part of Russia. Word was returned by the Russian government that Russia had no such intentions, had made no such demands. Immediately after Russia's

denials of such demands, the Chinese gave out the written demands which Russia had made, thus putting the Russians in a somewhat awkward position.

The nations opposed to any such demands by Russia were the United States, Japan, and Great Britain. Germany and France offered no opposition, as they are in harmony with Russia in her Chinese policy. It would be more difficult for us to protest against the exclusive occupation of Shantung by Germany, if we permitted Russia, without objection, to annex Manchuria. Russia is the most interested, and has the most at stake, of all the nations, and in view of her persistent policy of territorial aggrandizement and of her peculiar methods, it is practically certain that in the end Russia will have her way, even though for the present she has acquiesced in our demands. Russia, however, did not care to drive this country into any allied interests with Great Britain and Japan. Such a compination would be too strong for Russia, or any allies that she might be able to get, to withstand. In this instance, however, the United States acted entirely independent of Japan and Great Britain. The scenes of the great future commercial activities of the world are drifting, more and more, to the Pacific, so that the Chinese question, and the attitude of the powers toward this empire, constitute a political question of world-wide magnitude.

*The Troubles in Macedonia.*

The revolutionary efforts and anarchy now going on in Macedonia bring up the old question of driving the Turk out of Europe. If the agitators among the Bulgarians and Macedonians should succeed in setting up an independent government of Macedonia, or annex it to Bulgaria, the Turk would have nothing left in Europe except the city of Constantinople, and that city would be so menaced as to make its surrender only a question of time. The plan of the Macedonian revolutionists there, and of the Bulgarians, seems to be to keep the country in such an uproar, and state of military excitement, that foreign nations will be led to interfere for the liberation of that Turkish province. Recently, the Macedonians, at the seaport town of Salonica, blew up the Ottoman bank, portions of the railroad, and undertook to destroy the post-office and a number of cafes. It was discovered that the principal

districts of the town had been mined, and that preparations had been made for a general wholesale slaughter of all classes, without respect to nationality or sympathy. As it was, several hundred were killed. The object of such anarchy was, of course, to provoke the Turks to excesses. The Turks, however, arrested a large number of the revolutionists, and have established such a censorship of the newspapers and the telegraph lines that but little information is had concerning the true status of affairs in Macedonia.

The Turks, of course, do not want war with Bulgaria, as the Christian nations would not consent to the enlargement of the Sultan's domain in Europe. It is not easy, at this time, to understand just what the attitude of the great powers in the matter is. Austria and Russia are the most directly interested, and it is said they have come to an understanding that they will not permit Bulgaria to annex Macedonia, nor is it likely that they would consent to the establishment of an independent state in Macedonia. It would be to their special interests if Austria could have the seaport of Salonica, and Russia could get Constantinople. It is hardly likely that England would consent to such an arrangement. The whole affair is a decided muddle, and it is difficult to see just what the outcome would be if Turkey failed to establish order, and to meet the demands of governmental reforms in that province.

*A New Europe.*

The new combinations in European politics show some extremely interesting modifications. Russia, Germany and France are in harmonious understanding concerning the far eastern question in China. These three countries geographically extend across Europe and Asia, in an unbroken line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Heretofore, Austria and Russia have had conflicting policies respecting Macedonia; now these two nations have come to an understanding about this Turkish province—just what that understanding is, is not known.

France and Germany are joining Austria and Switzerland in the construction of the Bagdad railway which, when completed, is sure to have an important influence on the Turkish question, and to be a strong competitor to the Suez Canal.

Great Britain practically stands alone in all diplomacy affecting

Europe and western Asia. She is allied with Japan on the Manchurian question. Recently, Great Britain has served notice on Russia, whose design it is to construct a railroad through Persia and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, that England will not tolerate the dominating influence of Russia over that water-highway, and especially would England not consent to the construction of any Russian ports on the Persian Gulf.

*Emperor William's Visit to Rome.*

At about the same time that King Edward was visiting Paris, the Emperor of Germany was carrying on a flirtation with the King of Italy, and the Pope, at Rome. There was, however, some real political purpose in the Emperor's mind in paying his respects to the Pope, and this political stroke is felt more strongly in France than anywhere else. For many years, France has assumed a general protectorate over Roman Catholics, and, anomalous as it may seem, France may at one and the same time pursue the Catholics of that republic with severity, and yet proclain its great solicitude for the welfare of Catholics in oriental countries. The pretense of protecting Catholics has afforded opportunities to annex parts of oriental countries, and to establish commercial undertakings in semi-civilized countries, against the protest of nations which felt that France ought not to interfere in their domestic affairs. As protector of Roman Catholics abroad, France has strengthened her position as one of the great colonial powers of Europe.

Of late years, the German Emperor has claimed the right to share the national advantages for territorial expansion by looking after the interests of Catholics of German birth. Recently Germany practically annexed the Chinese province of Shantung, simply because a couple of Catholic missionaries had been killed in that province. This assumed protectorate is, as a rule, used more as an excuse for extending national influences, and acquiring territory in foreign lands, than for any real love of the Roman Catholic church. The Germans have driven Jesuit Catholic orders out of their country, but are very anxious to protect them in other countries where they have gone as missionaries. The French, of course, resent what they think to be an assumption on the part of Ger-

many and its Emperor in holding themselves out as the guardians of the Roman Catholic church abroad, when the French have played in that role for so long. The Emperor's visit, therefore, to Rome, will be just as irritating to the French as the visit of, and demonstrations over, King Edward at Paris will be annoying to the citizens of Germany, though perhaps it would be correct to say that most Germans are amused over such political flirtations. It is believed by many that one of the purposes of Emperor William's visit to Rome is to bring about some reconciliation between the pope and the king. Ever since the king of Italy, in 1870, took away from the pope a strip of country running directly across Italy, the popes have shut themselves up in the Vatican at Rome and regarded themselves as prisoners. This act of conquest dispoiled the pope of all political power, and perhaps the man most disfavored today, by the Roman Catholic church, is the head of the Roman Catholic state.

The popes have insisted upon the restoration of the kingdom of Rome, and their temporal power; while the kings of Italy, and the governing classes, have as strenuously insisted that Italy shall remain a united country under the rule of her kings. The present Pope Leo has been so persistent in his self-imposed imprisonment that it is not at all likely that he will be willing, at his advanced age and on the verge of the grave, to listen to any compromise which it would be possible for the Emperor of Germany to bring about.

*King Edward in Paris.*

Notwithstanding the frequent newspaper wars between England and France, and the wounded sensibility of the French by the brusque and direct methods of English diplomacy, the Parisians gave King Edward a royal reception during his visit to their city, May 1, 1903. King Edward has always been more or less popular among the Parisians. During the king's station as Prince of Wales, he frequently visited Paris *incognito*. He was partial to the beautiful city, loved its promenades, and its exciting and fashionable life. The French are sentimental and emotional, and the prince's love for their city found a responsive good wish for him in their hearts.

At this time, there are no real differences or objects of contention about which the English and French have any real occasion to indulge in disputations; besides, the French really delighted in the general attitude of the English toward the Germans, and they, perhaps, like the English for the same reason that men are often fond of those who have with them a common enemy. During the recent blockade of Venezuela, there was such a pronounced feeling of opposition in England to any united action with Germany whatever, that the French enjoyed the anti-German sentiment displayed by the newspapers of Great Britain. These royal flirtations are often a source of real amusement, as well as of jealousy and resentment. They afford the newspapers abundant opportunity for speculations, while, at the same time, they are not taken seriously by the world at large.

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## THE TRUE ZION.

BY ELDER GEO. A. LANGSTON, SALT LAKE CITY.

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A writer in *Munsey's Magazine* contributes an article on the noted Zionist movement of Dr. Dowie. He recounts the amazing growth of this movement; the formation of its proselytes, now numbering thousands, into a compact organization; and the splendid achievement of building their Zion City—still rapidly growing, all of which is attributed to Dr. Dowie's remarkable genius for organization. The writer refers to the surpassing ambition of this self-styled Elijah, which is nothing less than the extension of his theocratic Zion over state, nation, continent—the world.

The contributor quoted admits the possibility of this, could Dowie be succeeded by leaders with the same capacity, courage, and power to execute. But with the passing of this man, he sees the downfall of the work which he has so successfully inaugurated.

Asserting it to be founded, as is most earthly power, upon the inspiration of one man, it is the conclusion of the writer that becomes of interest to Latter-day Saints, when he says: "Fortunately or unfortunately, no great organizer has ever left his equal as successor * * * A succession of great organizers would mean the millennium—or chaos."

How true that statement is, when applied to merely human organizations! But measured by the rule here laid down, have we not in "Mormonism" a pattern of the true Zion,—divinely organized? The most bitter enemies of Joseph Smith admired and marvelled at his capacity for control, and predicted the utter collapse of "Mormonism" at his death. Following this event, with what amazement must they have beheld the coming of Brigham Young upon the scene. Displaying ability, zeal and formative powers that if possible out-matched his predecessor, he compacted the forces of Zion, and with strong hand guided her through the threatening perils of dissolution into a growth that is the astonishment of friend and foe. There have been six successions of leadership, and the story is the same. Joseph and Brigham, have gone beyond; but a divine organization does not depend upon the inspiration of one or two great leaders. Reports of the recent annual conference indicate that the true Zion of God now "established in the top of the mountains," and "exalted above the hills," whose splendors were unfolded to the vision of the prophets, is increasing not only in numbers, but in the faith, earnestness and love of her children, which will yet bring about the "millennium" referred to. Verily, what the Lord doeth, he doeth well.

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

It was a hundred years, on April 30, 1903, since the purchase of the Louisiana territory was consummated at Paris. It is the largest and most important real estate deal that this country ever made. It comprised the great central section of the United States lying between the Mississippi river on the east, and the Rocky mountains on the west, and extending from the Gulf of Mexico on the south to British America on the north. From the mouth of the great river to the extreme northwestern point, its length is about two thousand miles; its width, at the extreme north, about one thousand miles, from which it narrows to the narrowest portion—what is now the State of Louisiana. Texas then belonged to Mexico, and California, the country west of the Rockies, was a possession of Spain. Louisiana first belonged to France, but in 1765 it was ceded to Spain, and later by secret treaty the Spanish government transferred Louisiana back to the French. This displeased the Americans who were trying to negotiate with Spain for the use of the mouth of the Mississippi for an outlet for their products. They regarded France as more formidable than Spain, and, hence, were greatly distressed at the change. But on account of looking after the revolt in Haiti, the French had not taken possession at New Orleans. President Jefferson took advantage of this, and tried to purchase of Napoleon the east bank of the Mississippi river to its mouth. Our minister in Paris, Mr. Robert Livingston was unable to do this. Then the President sent James Monroe, a special envoy with authority to treat at Paris and Madrid, and to buy New Orleans and the river outlet for two million

dollars. Suddenly Napoleon proposed through his finance minister that the United States should purchase not only New Orleans but the whole French territory, including almost a million square miles of country, most of which had never been seen by white man.

Commissioners Livingston and Monroe had no authority to buy, there was no quick way to communicate with this country, Napoleon was anxious to close the deal, and so Mr. Livingston of New York and Mr. Monroe of Virginia took it upon themselves to close the bargain, and they signed the treaty, which doubled the domain of the United States. About fifteen million dollars was the price to be paid by this country as a consideration for the cession of the Louisiana tract. Napoleon doubtless had broad enough vision to see that the American pioneer would at last take the country, and it was therefore best for him to dispose of all his interests peaceably and get this sum of money which now (in view of the fact that its assessed valuation alone amounts to nearly seven billion dollars, with a population of fifteen million people) seems a paltry sum, but which was a vast sum then. It was statesmanship on Napoleon's part, and broad vision that actuated our commissioners when they made the bargain and signed the treaty, April 30, 1803.

The news of the purchase reached the President July 1, of that year, and that was only four days before the expedition of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark started on its notable tour of exploration of the great region, under the patronage and arrangement of the President. The summer of 1805 found the expedition safely descending the Columbia, the winter having been spent with the Mandan Indians, on the Missouri, in what is now Dakota. The Portland, Oregon, exposition to be held in 1905 will celebrate the 100th anniversary of this remarkable exploration of 1804-5-6, and one of the most notable achievements in the pioneer history of the world.

Three tiers of states have been carved out of this territory: first, Louisiana (1812), Missouri (1821), Arkansas (1836), Iowa (1846), Minnesota (1858); second, Kansas (1861), Nebraska (1867), North and South Dakota (1889), Oklahoma and Indian Territory; third, eastern Colorado (1876), Montana (1889), and Wyoming (1890). It has an area of 875,025 square miles, or 560,016,000

acres of land, and is four times greater than the German empire, and larger than Great Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal and Italy combined. It includes the most important wheat and corn areas in the world, while its southern part is noted for its cotton and other products. This wilderness, which was bought by Jefferson and his agents and traversed by Lewis and Clark, finds outlet for its commerce in scores of thousands of miles of railroad lines; and over fifteen million people have mines, farms, schools, factories and homes therein.

Its development has mostly taken place since the close of the civil war. The whole section is prosperous, its agricultural prospects were never brighter. It is the one hundreth anniversary of this purchase that is to be celebrated in St. Louis, in 1904. The grounds and the buildings were dedicated on April 30, this year, in the presence of President Roosevelt, Ex-President Cleveland, and the diplomats of Spain, France, and other countries. The governors of the states were also there, including Governor Wells of Utah. It is well known that Utah has appropriated $50,000 for this exposition, and $10,000 for the Portland exposition in 1905. As the pioneers of Utah early crossed the great west and raised the stars and stripes in a foreign land across the borders of the Purchase, and as the Church had some of its most wonderful experiences therein, it is specially fitting that our citizens join the celebration. Accompanying the Utah delegation was President Joseph F. Smith, who dedicated the site of the Utah building after it had been selected by the governor. The Utah delegation was well treated by the people of St. Louis. This state will doubtless make a showing in mineral and other resources, that will be commensurate with its importance as a prosperous western commonwealth.

As to the exposition in St. Louis, it will be one of the greatest if not the greatest ever held in this country. A comparison of the space covered in this fair and in other world's fairs is interesting. The first world's fair in London had under cover twenty-one acres; the Philadelphia centennial, fifty-six acres; the Paris fair in 1900, one hundred and twenty-five acres; Chicago, 1893, two hundred acres; but the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will have two hundred and fifty acres under cover, and one thousand one hundred and eighty acres in-

cluded within the fence of the exposition grounds; twice as much as was included in the grounds at Chicago. Adjoining this vast area, will be seven hundred and seventy-one acres of park outside of the fair grounds. The expenses will be greater than at any previous fair, for the directors began with seventeen million dollars in hand, five million of which was personal subscriptions from citizens of St. Louis, six million from the United States government, five million by the city of St. Louis, one million by the State of Missouri. Every state in the Union will vote or have voted appropriations which will swell the account to over five million more; and many of the foreign countries will expend vast sums, so that fifty millions, at least, will be the propable total outlay. The Exposition will thus stand preeminent over all its predecessors, in extent, and magnitude, as well as in expenditure. The chance of a life time, to see the peoples and displays of all countries, and of every stage of civilization in the world, will here be offered to the visitor. It is near our doors, and the citizens of Utah who desire a liberal education in all that pertains to a view of the arts and sciences of the world, may here be accommodated,—and they may also learn "how a single century of free institutions and unfettered enterprise can transform a wilderness into populous, rich and progressive commonwealths."

## THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to fully understand the unfriendly attitude of certain people towards the Latter-day Saints. Two incidents have recently caused some stir against the Saints; at least, have been the basis of much talk about them. Both have arisen from the opposition of the so-called ministers of the Gospel. They are, the inhospitable disposition of the German local officers toward our missionaries; and the jealousy and hatred of our growth and progress of certain ministers of the Protestant churches at home. Especially does the criticism of the ministers

of the nation take the form of wrath when they see the Saints exercising their franchises as American citizens. They seem to believe that no member of our Church has a right to assert his mind in politics; and, while members of their churches, and even they themselves, not only take part in politics, but also practice political intrigue in their pulpits and religious conventions, and, as religious organizations, engage in politics against the "Mormons" to their hearts' content—they are not willing, apparently, to grant the Saints the earned title and the right of American citizenship, individually, notwithstanding there is no politics in our Church, as a church. The Church does not engage in politics; its members belong to the political parties at their own pleasure —to the Republicans, the Democrats, or to no party at all. They are not asked, much less required, to vote this way or that—a requirement made by the Protestant ministers of their members against the Saints. But they cannot justly be denied their rights as citizens, and their is no reason why they should be, for, on the average, they are as loyal, as sober, as well educated, as honest, as industrious, as virtuous, as moral, as thrifty, and as worthy in every other respect as any people in the nation, or on the earth, for that matter. I think that they are just a little better in these respects than most other communities or individuals.

A labor leader, during the coal strike, gave to M. Gohier, the famous French Dreyfusard, an illustration of how the Protestant churches are under a dangerous submission to the powers of the money classes:

> I am really sorry for the parsons. Most of them are good fellows at heart. They know what Christ wanted to have said, and would be genuinely glad to preach it, if they dared. But Lord! how can they? They must look out for their salaries; they have their families to provide for.

Can it be possible that money is at the bottom of their agitation against the Saints? Or is it desire for notoriety? Were it not that their fight assists them in obtaining money and prestige from the misled public, and from wealthy people who are also misguided, there might be little or no censure from them for our people. It seems very strange that a body of ministers, who

should have plenty of Christian work to do in their own parishes, should go out of their way to denounce a people who injure none, mind their own business, and who, in every good way, compare very favorably with any over which the ministers preside. These ministers are in a constant wrangle about what shall be their creed, but in one thing only they seem to be united—in their condemnation of the Latter-day Saints. Why not unite on some scheme to better their own, and let the "Mormons" alone? Such would be the Christian way. The Saints in no way interfere with them or theirs, except to teach them the precepts of Christ.

*Harper's Weekly*, carelessly, thoughtlessly joining with the crowd, declares that "no government that respects and values its own people wants 'Mormon' missionaries to go among them." But it further declares that "the 'Mormon' machine is as efficient in turning inferior human material to industrial use as any machine in the world." Then the editor manages to dismiss the subject in this way:

> In the popular mind the "Mormon" missionaries rank not as missionaries, but as seducers of the ignorant and credulous. They are an extraordinary body of men—zealous, devoted and able. The closer they are watched abroad, and the more they are restricted in their proselyting enterprises, the better it will be for this country, which has to harbor them and their proselytes, and which finds in their insidious and spreading organization one of the ugliest problems it has on its hands.

Men who have studied social conditions in New York and the East, not forgetting Germany, and compared them with the social conditions in Utah, will smile at the last expression. If the social conditions existing among the "Mormons" could be transferred to New York's "inferior human material" (and this might include some of their high-toned money classes), and turn it to industrial use, would not the "material" as well as the country be greatly benefited? But the "Mormon" emigration has already been turned to good use before it lands in New York; there is not a better class of people in all respects, that land upon our shores, than the Saints whom our missionaries have converted.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is a true, old expression, and, as a people, the Latter-day Saints are willing to be so

judged. Why should the zeal, the devotion, the ability, the loyalty, the virtue, the pastoral and happy family life, the industry, honesty, the thrift, the power to take the poor but honest in heart of the earth, and make them useful, loyal and happy citizens—powers rightly and justly attributed to the Church—be regarded as dangerous to our nation? Why should such a Church organization be looked upon as "one of the ugliest problems it has on its hands?" And further, why should ministers of the gospel grow wild with rage because men selected from such a people are sent to take part in our national affairs? Can good, honest men contaminate our national politics?

We are not alone in holding these sentiments. Many thoughtful citizens of our own country are with us. Here is a selection from what Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who recently visited Utah, said of the Saints, in the New York *Journal:*

It is twenty years since polygamy has been a part of the "Mormon" religion. Its devotees are dying out. Because a few men still remain who refuse to desert or cast off the families they already had before the passage of the Edmunds bill, it seems idiotic and ignorant for the people of the earth to denounce every statesman from Utah as a polygamist. Still more ignorant and un-Christian does it seem for us to regard the "Mormons" as monstrosities of immorality, and to go out of our way to insult or injure them. For the last twenty-one years they have committed no greater offense than to have a religious faith differing slightly from the orthodox churches. They are essentially a peaceful and industrious people. Their sufferings have been manifold; their industrial achievements in the desert of the West marvellous. Their young men and young women lead beautiful and wholesome lives. Before we cast any more stones at their ancestors, let us weed from the ranks of our own churches, and our own fashionable society, all the unwelcome and fatherless children, all the deserted, betrayed girls, and stand them in a row, and practice upon them as targets, in order that we may have a surer aim when we stone the polygamists again.

The only explanation apparently, of the rage of the ministers, is found in the labor leader's reply to M. Gohier, quoted above.

To the young men who may be disheartened by these false attacks upon the Saints, and to the missionaries in the world, who are driven and persecuted, I wish to say: Have no fear; slacken not your labors for the truth; live as becometh Saints. You are in

the right way, and the Lord will not let your efforts fail. This Church stands in no danger from opposition and persecution from without. There is more to fear in carelessness, sin and indifference, from within; more danger that the individual will fail in doing right and in conforming his life to the revealed doctrines of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. If we do the right, all will be well, the God of our fathers will sustain us, and every opposition will tend only to the further spread of the knowledge of truth.

*Joseph F. Smith.*

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

*Personality of the Holy Ghost.*

Is the Holy Ghost a personage, that is, in form and being like man?

Yes. "The Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us."—Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 130: 22.

*Renewal of the Ten Commandments.*

Have the ten commandments been renewed since the days of Moses, or were they, as the law, fulfilled in Christ, and are not now applicable?

The Latter-day Saints believe the ten commandments to be still in force, and the substance of their instructions are practically reiterated in the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph Smith, as contained in the Doctrine and Cevenants, and are for that additional reason also now binding upon the people. See sections 59:5-9; 42: 29; 59:21; 6: 2; 60: 13; 42: 42; 68: 29; 59: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14; 42: 18; 42: 24; 42: 20, 21; 38: 123; 42: 27, 28; 42: 45; also 88: 124, 125, 126.

The Latter-day Saints also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God, and in that book, (Mosiah chapters 12, 13,) in the preachings of Abinadi to King Noah and his people, though this was before the advent of Christ, the ten commandments were

taught. While it is generally conceded that after Christ it was not expedient to teach the law of Moses, because salvation cometh by Christ, we are neither taught in the gospel nor in modern revelation that the ten commandments are abrogated; the sacrifices and burnt offerings, however, are superseded by the sacrifice of a broken heart and a contrite spirit, which is required of all men who come to Jesus for salvation. There is one exception, that of the Sabbath day, which has been changed since the time of Christ to the first day of the week instead of the last. This has been commanded in modern revelation. (Doc. and Cov., secs. 68: 29; 59: 9, 10, 12-14.)

*The Millennium and the Final Judgment.*

Will any people who have not received the gospel, or are wicked, be privileged to live on the earth after the second coming of the Savior, or will they all be consumed at his coming?

Will all saints be made immortal at the coming of Christ? If so (since there is no marrying or giving in marriage in the resurrection), how will the work for the dead be attended during the Millennium?

Are the wicked to be entirely destroyed at the coming of the Savior at the ushering in of the Millennium?

If the wiched are destroyed at the coming of the Savior, upon whom will Satan be turned loose at the end of a thousand years?

The above questions have arisen, in the study of the Manual, from a slight confusion of the partial destruction of the wicked at the beginning of the Millennium, and their total destruction at the end of the world. There is also some misunderstanding manifest as to the immortalizing of the saints at the beginning of the Millennium. In the first place, we do not suppose that all the saints will be "changed in the twinkling of an eye" at the beginning of the Millennium. Some will doubtless be left in mortality to attend to the necessary temporal labors of the Millennium. It is clear also that the destruction will not come, at that time, upon all who have not previously accepted the gospel. There is no doubt that many who have not obeyed the gospel will live in the midst of the people of God, as they do now. The line of distinction between the two classes will, we believe, be more and

more closely drawn as the time goes on, until finally, at the close of the Millennium they will be ready to take sides in the final conflict between Messiah and Satan. Then the righteous will all be changed, while the wicked will suffer total destruction, "by fire cast down from heaven." Then the earth will be celestialized, the wicked will all be resurrected, and the final judgment will occur.

*Gathering Places of the Saints.*

At the coming of the Savior, where will be the place of gathering? Will the Jews be gathered with the Saints, or will there be but one Zion?

The gathering will be in Zion and Jerusalem, the chief cities of gathered Israel, so the prophets inform us. (Jeremiah 31: 6-13; 16: 14, 15; 50: 4, 5; Isaiah 52: 9-12; 62.)

The Latter-day Saints believe that the Jews will be gathered to Jerusalem, to rebuild the Zion of the east—the land of their inheritance. (Book of Mormon, III Nephi 20: 29-46; IMPROVEMENT ERA, vol. 5, p. 628.)

The Latter-day Saints also believe that Zion will be built upon this continent, as expressed in the article of faith: "We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this [the American] continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth; and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisical glory." This land—America—is given to Joseph and the scattered remnants of Israel for their inheritance, and they are to build upon it a city, to be called the New Jerusalem, into which they are to be gathered. (Book of Mormon, III Nephi 20: 14, 22; 22: 22-29; Isaiah 2: 23; 18: 1-3; 35; 40: 1-11; Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 42: 9, 35, 62, 67; sec. 28: 9.) The exact location of this central city of Zion (sec. 45: 66-71) is in Jackson county, Missouri, (sec. 52: 42, 43; 57: 2-14,) appointed and consecrated for the gathering of the Saints.

*Books and How to Study Them.*

I ask for information and advice in regard to study that would prepare me for a mission, and wish to know what books would be best,

and how to study them. I am working in a mining camp, and have not the privilege of attending Sunday School and other meetings, and therefore wish to know what kind of books to buy to improve the time.

In reply, we consider that a knowledge of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, a testimony of their truth, and reasonable familiarity with Church history, are essential to a missionary, as well as to every member of the Church. You can obtain a knowledge of the gospel by reading the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. Talmage's "Articles of Faith" or Roberts' "The Gospel" are good text books that will aid you in studying these sacred writings, classify the doctrines of the gospel, and assist you in learning and presenting them. You can obtain a testimony of their truth by complying with the ordinances of the gospel and keeping the commandments of God as found in the Holy Scriptures.

The "History of the Church" should be read to gain a knowledge of the story of the hand-dealing of God with the Latter-day Saints in the early history of the Church. If you wish a shorter and cheaper work on this subject, containing an outline of the history up to date, Anderson's "Brief History of the Church" is recommended. It would also be well to obtain an idea of church history in general, and Roberts' "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History" is a good work for this purpose.

The reading of the above named books, of course, is only a beginning; but having read these works, all of which can be obtained at the *Deseret News* Book Store, Salt Lake City, you will have been made acquainted with the titles of enough other books, in notes and references, to enable you to make your own selection for the future. Another good course for study is that outlined in the six issued Manuals of the Y. M. M. I. A., to be obtained from the ERA.

By right living, prayer, and humility, you should seek the inspiration of the Spirit of God in your research. You will then receive a living testimony, and have joy in your labors.

## NOTES.

When a person is down in in the world an ounce of help is better than a pound of preaching.—*Bulwer.*

"There are a hundred who talk," says Ruskin, "where there is one who thinks, but there are a thousand who think, where there is one who sees."

"You who govern public affairs, what need have you to employ punishments? Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous. The virtues of a superior man are like the wind; the virtues of the common man are like the grass; the grass, when the wind passes over it, bends."

I've often been asked what I think is the secret of success in business. To my mind it's one that a good many of the young men of to-day don't seem to learn. It's to pay your debts, keep your word, and be a good collector; not to take anybody else's word, but to use your own judgment. I never made a dollar on anyone else's steering.—*John Durfee.*

There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry. These are: for doing good to all; for speaking evil of none; for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for being patient toward everybody; for stopping the ears to a tale-bearer; for disbelieving most of the ill reports.

Directness is a cardinal virtue of the man who succeeds. He does not go over a thing, or around it, but to it and through it. If he calls to see you on business, he does not spend fifteen minutes in introducing his subject; he strikes directly to the heart of it; he does not waste your time on preliminaries or non-essentials, but proceeds to attend to the business in hand, and, as soon as he finishes—stops.—*Success.*

A conductor's watch is behind time, and a frightful railway accident occurs. A leading firm with enormous assets becomes bankrupt because an agent is tardy in transmitting available funds, as ordered. An innocent man is hanged because the messenger bearing a reprieve should have arrived five minutes earlier. A man is stopped five minutes to hear a trivial story and misses a train or steamer by one minute.—*Pushing to the Front.*

"How I do appreciate a boy, who is always prompt—always on time," said John Wanamaker, the great dry goods merchant. "One soon learns to depend upon the boy who is never late in taking his place—who is never late in delivering a letter or a package—never late in going to meet a railroad train—never late in keeping an engagement of any kind. Such a boy will soon be trusted in weightier matters, be promoted at an earlier date to higher positions, and honored by the shrewd men of finance who will desire to be associated with him in important business transactions. Promptness is better than a big capital for a business man or woman, and is one of the most important elements of success in life."

The secret of the undying vitality and perennial attractiveness of the sacred Scriptures lies in the fact that they come bringing the revelation of the Divine name. Under the illumination and guidance of the Divine Spirit there was wrought into the consciousness of the Jew of old a sublime conception of God such as no other people ever attained. From the background of the Old Testament Scriptures there stands out in clear relief the Living God, separable from all phenomena—a veritable being, clothed in perfection. With the majesty and splendor of His holiness, too, is blended unspeakable tenderness. He is an approachable God, entering into most intimate relations with men. The world owes an unspeakable debt to the Jew for the conception of God with which he enriched human thought.—*Dr. E. E. Chivers.*

A special education should have a general education at the foundation of it. Special preparation for a given pursuit needs to rest upon a general preparation for all pursuits, and the more comprehensive the general training the more fruitful and useful is the special. An education that is narrowed to the facts that concern a given occupation, defeats itself. In this country it is folly to narrow a boy's education to the groove of some one calling, where, as here, the different pursuits stand with open doors and neither the boy nor his parents know which one he will enter or how long he will remain. How many men are there at forty pursuing the work about which they dreamed when they were boys of fifteen? In other countries boys inherit occupations, or have them predetermined for them. It is not so here. If one can get a general education he can in the pursuit of it disclose to himself or to his instructor his peculiar bent of mind and genius.

## IN LIGHTER MOOD.

Teacher—I am sorry to say it, Henry, but your composition is not worthy of you. The rhetoric is faulty, the logic is week, the statements are based upon misinformation, and the style is lamentably crude.

Henry—My! Won't dad be mad when I tell him that?

Teacher—But you can tell him you did your very best.

Henry—Did my best—nothing! Dad wrote the whole of it himself.

Fling Ling, or one of his brethren visiting the United States, writes home to the Pekin Pelican thus about us: "They live months without eating a mouthful of rice; they eat bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities; they have to bathe frequently; they eat meat with knives and prongs; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' grave, but jump around and kick balls as if paid to do it, and they have no dignity, for they may be found walking with women."

Two young women of Sedgwick hired a livery horse with which to take a drive out into the country. Before the start was made the liveryman, in answer to his patrons' inquiries, as to the temper and disposition of the horse, assured them he would be as gentle as a lamb if they kept the rein away from his tail, while there might be trouble if they didn't. The young women returned in safety, and when asked if the horse had misbehaved, one of them replied: "Oh no! There was one little shower, but we had an umbrella, and held it so that not a drop touched the horse's tail."—*New York Times.*

Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Sea, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, etc., was recently at a reception in London, where various classes of society were largely represented by both sexes. An extremely wealthy costumer, who enjoys an international reputation, approached him and remarked familiarly:

"The crowd is a somewhat mixed one this evening, your Majesty, is it not?"

"Well, my dear——," responded the King, apologetically, and with an amiable smile, "we can't all be tailors, you know."

# EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

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LOCAL—*April* 12—Nine inches of snow fell in Wellsville, and a cold wave sweeps over northern Utah .....State Engineer Doremus selects Weber and Little Cottonwood rivers as the first to receive attention under section six of the new irrigation law.....Senator Burrows announces that the fact that Senator Smoot was seated temporarily will have no bearing on final action of the committee.....14—John D. Rockefeller passes through the state on a railway inspection, and is given an early morning organ recital in the Salt Lake Tabernable.....The stone quarries combine, and raise the price of building rock.....15—The U. P. is blockaded by a great slide at Aspen, Wyo.....Jos. Geoghegan, Jr., three-year-old son of Joseph Geoghegan, perishes in the fire which destroyed his father's home in Salt Lake.....James R. Miller, counselor to Prest. Frank Y. Taylor, of Granite Stake, died in Mill Creek. He was born in Illinois in 1836, and came to Utah in 1849.....Funeral services of President Brigham Young were largely attended in the Tabernacle .....16—Gov. Wells names George Halvorson of Ogden as successor of Col. A. B. Hayes, district attorney for Second Judicial District..... 17—Lonny L. Dennis, the 9-year old colored boy preacher arrives in Salt Lake.....Ella Wheeler Wilcox visits Salt Lake and is entertained by Salt Lake women.....19—In a splendid sermon in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, Bishop O. F. Whitney shows why Brigham Young should be given a first place in the Hall of Fame.....Fourteen car loads of emigrant outfits belonging to eleven families, were shipped from Mt. Pleasant to Sterling, Canada.....20—Reports from all parts of Utah give promise of a good peach crop.....The state Press Club are guests of Provo .....21—The Carnegie Library building was formally opened at Ogden .....Julius Johnson, a pioneer of Hyrum, age 56 years died.....Dr. W. F. Anderson, born Virginia, Jan. 26, 1823, a pioneer physician of Salt Lake, where he had resided since 1856, died.....22—Chairmen of committees for arrangement of reception to President Roosevelt are selected.....Juab and Iron counties will each get a dry-land experi-

ment station, the Agricultural College committee having so decided..... 23—Senators Kearns and Clark purchase the old Continental hotel corner.....M. Jules Huret, a noted French journalist visits Salt Lake..... Large losses in sheep are reported from Tooele County.....24—E. H. Harriman is in Ogden and has inspected the Lucin cut-off which he says will be completed as speedily as possible.....Patrons of the Salt Lake schools meet in many places and decide to keep the schools open by private donations.....25—The State Fair directors announce an increased appropriation for premiums, W. J. Bateman has been chosen secretary in place of the late S. W. Sears.....26—Diptheria is epidemic at Tropic, Utah.....Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson visits in Salt Lake City..... Victor M. Clement, the well-known mining expert of Salt Lake, died in Taltillo, Mexico.....William Nelson Spafford, a pioneer of Sevier County, died in Annabella.....28—President Joseph F. Smith, Senators Kearns and Smoot and Governor Wells, and other members of the Utah party who left Salt Lake on Saturday arrived in St. Louis to be present at the dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and select a site for the Utah building .....Captain Hobson spoke on the U. S. Navy, in the Salt Lake theatre.....29—Miss Emma Ramsey returns from her music studies in Paris.....Vigorous efforts are made in many ways to raise funds for the schools.....City Councilman Chas. W. Cross, of Ogden died.....30—The Supreme Court decides that Salt Lake Police Chief George A. Sheets was not legally confirmed.....Peter Newman Pike, born England, Dec. 21, 1811, died at the home of his daughter, Amelia P. Young, Salt Lake.

*May* 2—The Utah building site on the St. Louis World's Fair grounds was accepted by Gov. Wells and the Utah Commissioners with appropriate ceremonies.....4—The Home Telephone Co. buys the old city hall corner, Salt Lake City, for $48,000, and contemplates the erection thereon of a handsome three-story building for a central home.....The city schools opened as usual, and through private efforts will continue the full month.....Ground was broken in Spanish Fork, Utah County, for a $17,500 water system.....Elizabeth Benson, wife of the late Apostle Ezra T. Benson, died in Logan.....6—The night shift at the Conklin sampler walk out because their demand for eight hours is denied, and tie up the plant.....The hod carriers at Ogden are on a strike, and building operations are suspended.....7—The jury pronounced Clyde Ellison not guilty of the murder of A. S. Watson.....Edmund Ellis, born England, May 14, 1822, died in North Ogden, Weber County.....8—Los Angeles welcomes President Roosevelt.....Mrs. Kate S. Wenner of Ogden files on the lands of Fremont Island, G. S. L.....9—Mary Bar-

nett, age 86, died in Centerville, Davis County .....10—Elbert Hubbard pleased a large audience by a lecture in the Salt Lake Theatre..... The funeral of Hon. Joseph L. Holbrook took place in Bountiful, Davis County.....11—Maj. James McLaughlin left for the Uintah Indian Reservation to treat with the Indians relating to their land allotments. There are about 1500 Indians, and each head of family will receive 80 acres, and each other Indian 40. About two million acres will be left for settlement.....The Tabernacle concert by the Commercial Club for the schools was a grand success, and nets nearly $2,000.....12—The ninth annual session of the Utah Medical Association was held in Salt Lake.....Gov. Wells and party return from their trip to St. Louis and New Orleans.....13—Dr. M. R. Stewart is appointed Health Commissioner to succeed Dr. J. C. E. King.....R. R. Smith, Salt Lake and W. G. Child, Ogden, are ordered to report to Annapolis Naval Academy, June 10.....14—The zinc plant of the Utah Metals Co., Park City, was destroyed by fire: loss $60,000.

DOMESTIC.—*April* 10—The decision in the Merger case has greatly widened federal authority over combinations and trusts.....The town of Bacalod, P. I. was captured by American forces.....11—Bones of an extinct race of mound-builders were unearthed in Kentucky.....The St. Louis Master Plumbers' association is dissolved by the Supreme Court, as it is considered nothing more than a trust.....12—Central Illinois is swept by a tornado.....13—A great land slide occurs on the Union Pacific near Aspen, Wyo.....*Reina Christina*, Admiral Montejo's flagship, sunk by Admiral Dewey in Manila bay, was floated and beached, eighty skeletons of the crew were found in the hulk.....14—The corner stone of the new beet sugar factory was laid in Idaho Falls.....15—President Roosevelt returns to Fort Yellowstone after and eight-day excursion in the Park.....16—Serious charges continue to be presented in the Postal department.....18—The armored Cruiser *West Virginia* is launched at Newport News.....Sec'y Moody arranges to send the Atlantic Squadron to Kiel during the naval maneuvers.....19—Minister Conger details the suppression of a Boxer uprising near Peking..... 20—Judge Sanborn modifies the Merger decree to the extent of authorizing the two railroad companies of the Northern Securities Company to pay dividends.....21—*Kaiser Wilhelm II*, now the largest ocean liner afloat, arrives in New York.....Mark Hanna, in a speech at Columbus, Ohio, defends organized labor, and Wm. J. Bryan attacks Cleveland at a dinner in Kansas City.....22—The Southern Educational Conference is opened in Richmond.....23—Andrew Carnegie gives $600,000 to the Tuskegee Institute.....Jas. N. Tyner, Assistant-Attorney-General for

the Post Office Department, is summarily dismissed by Postmaster-General Payne..... .....24—The President leaves the Park and resumes his journey.....25—Letters of recall of Herr Von Holleben are presented to Secretary Hay.....The armored cruiser *Colorado* is launched..... Andrew Carnegie gives $1,500,000 to the Netherlands for a Temple of Peace at The Hague.....26—Secretary Hay directs ambassador McCormack to present a strong protest against Russia's demands on China..... 27—The U. S. Supreme Court upholds the negro disfranchisement clause in the Alabama constitution.....The President speaks at Omaha and Lincoln, Neb.....28—Admiral Dewey and staff sail on the *Mayflower* to inspect the North Atlantic Squadron.....The President speeds through Iowa .....29—Fifty or more persons are killed by an explosion or avalanche of rock from Turtle Mountain overhanging Frank, N. W. T.....30—The buildings of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, are dedicated in the presence of President Roosevelt, and many distinguished National characters. The President spoke.

*May* 1—The case of the United States in the Alaskan boundary question is submitted to the British Ambassador, at Washington.....4—President Roosevelt spends the day in Colorado.....The United States Supreme Court decides that the statute respecting bribery at the elections of persons protected by the fifteenth amendment is unconstitutional..... 5—The President speaks at Santa Fe and Albuquerque, N. M..... Robert McLane, Democrat is elected mayor of Baltimore.....6—The President and party explore the grand canyon, Arizona.....The Connecticut House rejects the woman suffrage bill.....7—The President is welcomed to California, at Redland, where he speaks, advocating the extension of irrigation.....8—The President visits Pasadena and Los Angeles, Cal.....9—An infernal machine, containing one hundred pounds of dynamite, is found on board the *Umbria* just before she sailed from New York.....The President arrives at Monterey.....11—The President visits Santa Cruz, San Jose, and Del Monte, speaking in the first place on the defacement of the big trees.....12—President Roosevelt arrives at San Francisco, greeted by thousands.....13—Dr. Lorenz is greatly criticized at the Congress of American Physicians, Washington.....Eight hundred blacksmiths strike in Chicago..... 14—President Roosevelt leaves California and starts north.....The warship *Arkansas* is grounded in the Mississippi, near Genevieve.

FOREIGN—*April* 7—King Alexander of Servia suspends the constitution and repeals some objectionable laws.....8—As a result of labor strikes, Rome is occupied by the military.....Marines are ordered out to cope with strikers at Amsterdam.....9—Second Chamber of the

Netherlands parliament passes the anti-strike bill.....10—The strike at Amsterdam is declared off.....Quiet prevails in Rome..... 11—The crown prince and princess of Saxony will again unite on account of their children.....13—Buffalo Bill was severely hurt by a fall of his horse, in England.....14—Two Cuban Senators fight a saber duel, one being slightly wounded in the wrist.....Bulgarians massacre a whole village of Mussulmans near Monastei.....16—The National Irish Convention at Dublin accepts in principle the Wyndham land bill. .....17—*Shamrock III* is dismasted in a squall in Weymouth bay..... 20—The situation in the Balkans is growing worse, causing uneasiness in the Russian, Austrian, and German governments.....Thousands are dying of famine in Kwang Si province, China.....21—Rome celebrated the two thousand six hundred and fifty-sixth anniversary of the city's birth.....22—Alfred Dreyfus appeals to the French Minister of War for a reopening of his case.....23—Russia makes seven demands upon China without which she refuses to evacuate Manchuria .....25—England and Japan urge China to resist Russia's demands in China.....27—China refuses to grant the demands of Russia, and United States Minister Conger protests to China against features of Russia's proposal.....King Edward arrives in Rome, and has consented to visit the Pope.....President Loubet arrives in Tunis.....29 —King Edward visits the Pope at the Vatican.....The United States squadron arrives at Marseilles.....30—President Loubet arrives at Marseilles from Algiers, and is greeted by Rear-Admiral Cotton of the American squadron.....The Ottoman bank at Salonica is blown up by dynamite, and disorder spreads.

*May* 1—King Edward arrives in Paris.....The Turks are massing twenty-five thousand troops at Verasulich, Albania.....2—Emperor William arrives in Rome.....The Salonican police discover that the town had been undermined by conspirators.....An Austrian squadron arrives at Salonica.....3—Emperor William visits the Pope at the Vatican.....Italy sends eight warships to Salonica.....Korea makes a concession of three coast whaling stations to Japan..... Thousands of Jews are fleeing from Kieff, Russia, fearing persecution .....5—King Edward arrives in London.....6—Emperor William leaves Rome for Berlin.....The House of Commons guarantees the Transvaal loan of $175,000,000.....8—The bubonic plague is discovered at Callao, Peru.....9—The Venezuelan cabinet resigns .....The Russian troops withdraw from New Chwang.....11—King Edward goes to Scotland.....13—A horrible massacre of Jews is repoted from Kishineff, Russia.